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# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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Ready for the Road

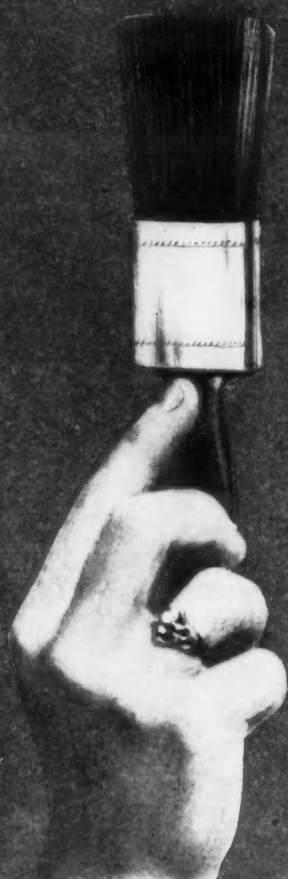
VOL XLI NO 7

MAY 9 1908

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# Collier's

Saturday, May 9, 1908



Ready for the Road. Cover Design	Drawn by Harrison Fisher	
European Imitators of the Birds. Photographs		6
Editorials		7
A Vivid Demonstration. Photograph		8
If the Antivivisectionists Should Prevail. Cartoon by Boardman Robinson		9
The American Saloon. V—The Texas "Clean-Up" from Within	Will Irwin	9
Illustrated with Photographs		
The Briarcliff Race. Photographs		11
Out of a Job—News of the Unemployed. III—The Business of Relief	Arthur Ruhl	12
Illustrated with Photographs		
A Black Drop.—Part II. Story	Margaret Deland	14
Illustrated by Charlotte Weber-Ditzler		
"Shang" Bailey	Richard Washburn Child	16
Illustrated with Photographs		
Home to the Red Cent	Frederick Palmer	18
A Deserted Village	Madeline Palmer Bakewell	18
Illustrated with Photographs		
The Fleet at San Pedro. Photographs		19
The Roosevelt Boosters		19
What the World is Doing		20
Illustrated with Photographs		
Where the Grass Grows Green. Poem	Maude Radford Warren	24
A Nerve Specialist to His Patients. VI—To a Young Woman Who is Depressed	Frederick Peterson, M.D.	24

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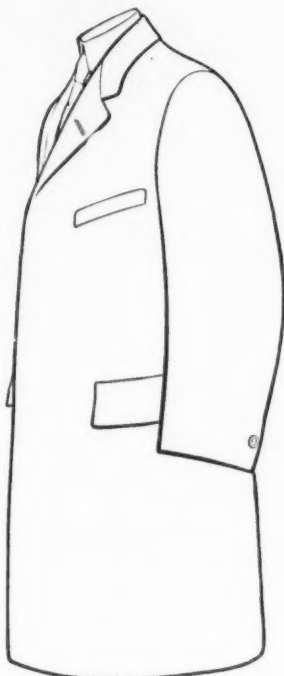
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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

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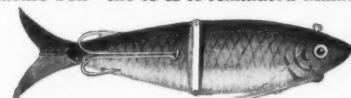
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Primarily, mortgage liens on the Denver Reservoir Irrigation Company's system, including water rights, canals, reservoirs, sites, etc., and all properties now owned or hereafter to be acquired by the Company, conservatively estimated worth between

### Two Million to Three Million Dollars

Secondly, collateral security in the form of mortgage liens upon farm and orchard land to be supplied with contract water derived from sales of reservoir stock representing water rights sufficient for the land, and by the water stock itself, which is not delivered to purchaser until his payments are completed.

The farmer has ten years to pay for a perpetual water right at \$50 per acre. The deed of trust securing the bonds provides that these mortgage liens given to secure the payments for water rights, shall be deposited with the **American Trust & Savings Bank, Chicago, Trustee**, in the ratio of one and one-quarter times the amount of the bonds issued, which ratio must be maintained during the life of the bonds.

### Trowbridge & Niver Co.

(INCORPORATED)

### Municipal Bonds

First National Bank Building, Chicago

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Pronounced "Click-O"

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## INCENSO

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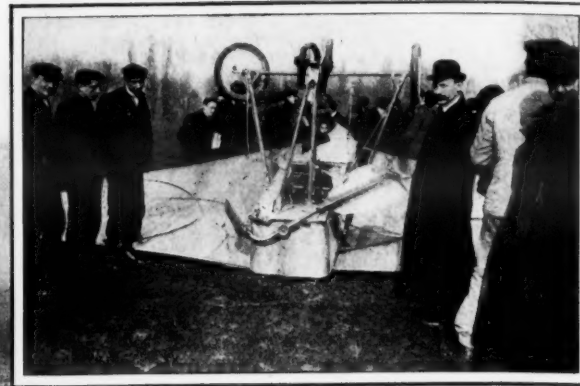
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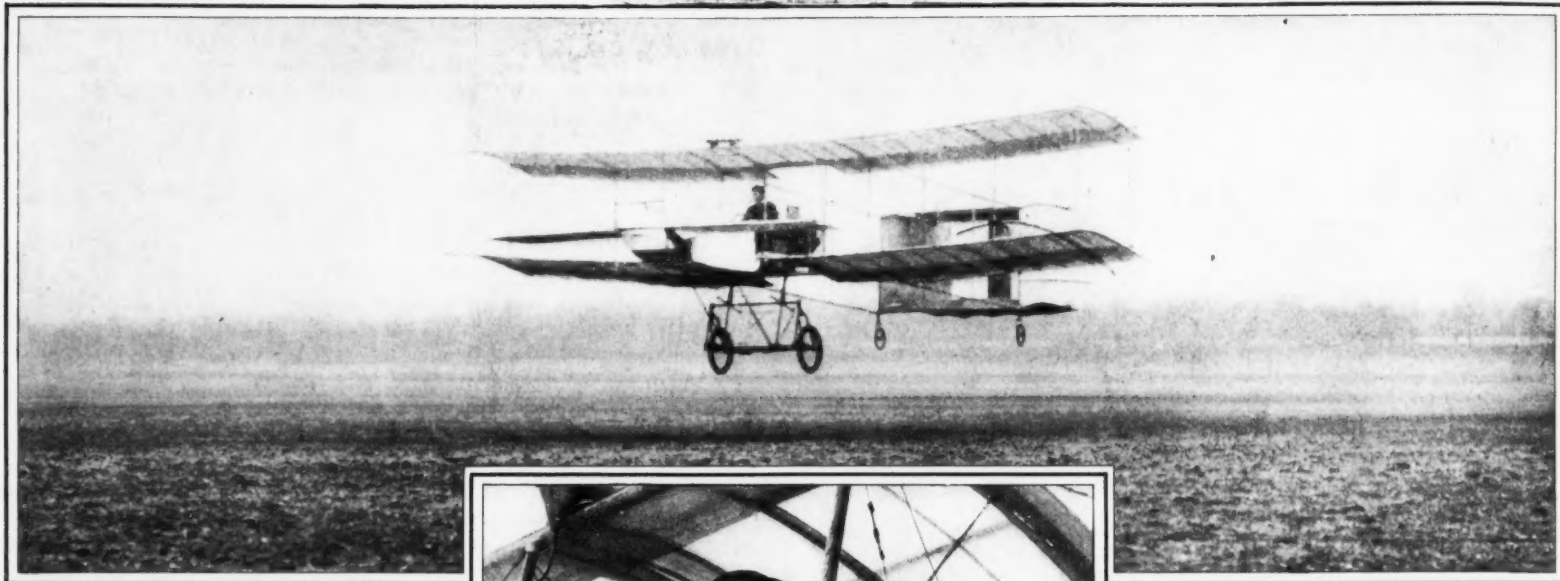
**THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO., 163 E. 4th St., Cincinnati; or, 295 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.**



The aeroplane of MM. Gastembide and Mengin at a recent trial at Bagatelle, near Paris



The aeroplane accomplished a continuous flight of 150 meters before it turned turtle



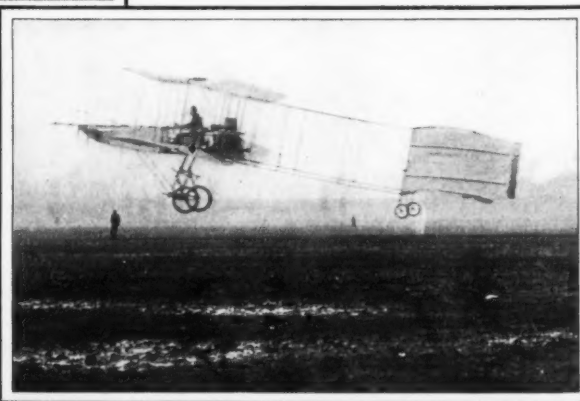
Leon Delagrangé's aeroplane making its flight of 600 meters on March 17



The trial was made at Issy-les-Moulineaux, and captured an Aero Club prize



Henri Farman's bi-plane aeroplane, with which he won the Deutsch-Archdeacon prize. Its frame is covered with rubber tissue, and at the trial it was driven by a 50-h.p. motor

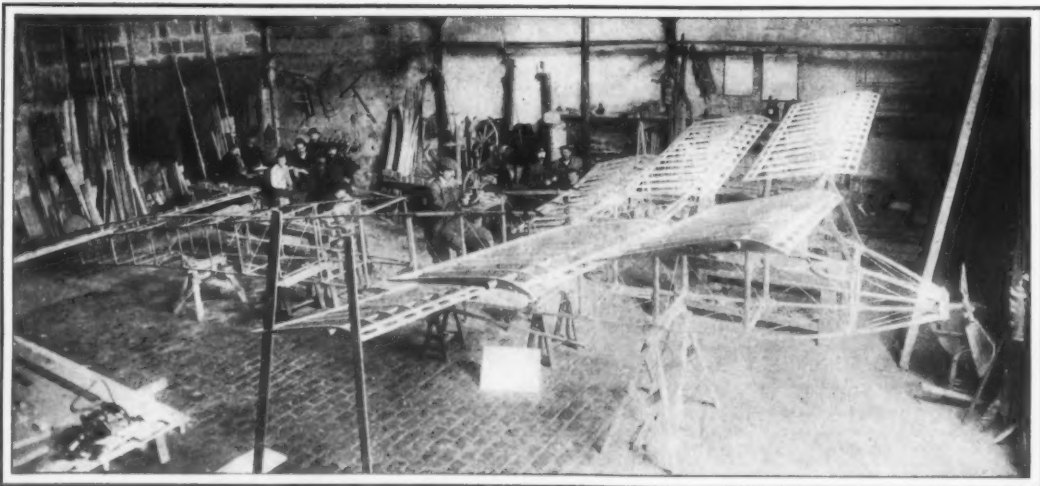


Delagrangé's aeroplane doing 269 1/2 meters at Issy-les-Moulineaux in 21 1/5 seconds

Henri Farman and Leon Delagrangé in Farman's prize-winning aeroplane

### Mastering the Air

THE Ascent of Man is almost completed. Starting as a bit of protoplasm at the bottom of the sea, he is now making himself at home in the upper air. The balloon that served to prop him up during his first century and a quarter of aerial experiments is being discarded, and he is rapidly mastering the art of mechanical flight. The Aero Club of America has decided to turn its attention from gas-bags to heavier-than-air machines, establishing an "Aviation Section" for that purpose. A tract of land near New York will be used for trials, and a machine shop and aeroplane houses will be built near by. Experiments with machines built on the lines of the Herring craft, one of the aeroplanes under construction for the army, have given excellent results. Mr. Herring feels confident that his machine will have no difficulty in making the required one hundred and twenty-five miles at the Government trials in August. The activity in similar lines in Europe is indicated by the illustrations on this page. On April 11 Leon Delagrangé broke the European aeroplane record on the Issy drill ground near Paris by flying two miles and a half without touching the ground and some distance farther with only two slight touches. He said that the only reason he stopped and came to earth was that the work of steering and balancing the machine was so fatiguing that his arms grew tired.



"The Flying Fish," a new aeroplane being built at the shop of Voisins Brothers, Paris, for Henri Farman, waiting for its covering and its motor

### European Imitators of the Birds





# Collier's

## The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers  
Peter Fenelon Collier—Robert J. Collier, 416-424 West Thirteenth Street  
NEW YORK

May 9, 1908

### Anthony's Misstep



AMONG THOSE WHO MERELY JEER at ANTHONY COMSTOCK, we are not included. The Society for the Suppression of Vice, although it can claim no charm of name or reputation, has been of extensive and real benefit to many hundred children. Why, then, is COMSTOCK an almost proverbial jest? It is because the luckless creature endures, rightly or wrongly, the hostility which a whole world feels toward inquisitive prudery—toward prying into innocence—toward an eye which strips the clothing from modesty. Some of his errors, perhaps, encourage this unfortunate reputation. Not many weeks ago we printed a cover, purely decorative and rather cold, illustrating KIPLING'S "On the Road to Mandalay." Here is the result:

"P. F. COLLIER & SON,

"416-424 West Thirteenth Street,  
"New York, N. Y.

"Gentlemen—This office is in receipt this morning of a letter of complaint from a clergyman, protesting against the indecent and suggestive display on the outside of your weekly of April 18. This correspondent says:

"You will see that a British soldier, whose face is inflamed from excessive drinking, is reclining with his arm around a Hindu woman of ill fame. The form of the woman is voluptuously portrayed, while the elephant driver supplies any lack of suggestion by his knowing leer.

"I have not seen, for years, a picture more calculated to excite evil thoughts in the minds of young boys. Displayed on thousands of news-stands, it will surely do enormous harm."

"Being assured that it is not your intention to send into the homes of the country anything that is demoralizing through your publication, I repeat to you the complaint as it has been received at this office. I submit that the left hand of this man, in its position, adds to the suggestion of the picture, and supports the complaint.

Respectfully yours,

"A. COMSTOCK, Secretary."

The letter bears its comment in itself. Not one reader in a thousand will read it without wincing. Everybody knows that depravity enters into that imagination which thinks only of depravity; the mind grows worse which approaches all beings and all art with thoughts intent upon indecency. Therefore we think that the society's valuable services are partly nullified by the occasional bad judgment of its secretary, especially in his interference with art, as in the case of the Art Students' League, last season, and now with Mr. LEYENDECKER'S harmless fancies on our cover.

### Employers' Liability

HOWEVER LOUD THE CRY that radicalism rules the land, the laws of this country lag parasangs behind an overwhelming opinion. The conservative cry comes almost entirely from those to whose minds all change is charged with dread—a conspicuous and serviceable section of every community. Out of 483 members of Congress, only one the other day voted against a statute affecting the liability of an employer to a workman injured in his service, which did away with a rule that goes back to the very roots of English law. And this unanimity was no unwilling cringing to a bulldozing campaign on the part of labor and labor's friends. It was, rather, a recognition, shared in generally by corporation attorneys, that for generations, since industry became complex and factories large, cruelty has been inflicted by the ancient rule. Imagine every person in the United States who inherits \$1,000,000 paying \$70,000 to the State, and for greater legacies as high as fifteen per cent; imagine every person who receives \$2,000 a year from investments paying a \$60 tax on that income, and upward in proportion; imagine SAMUEL GOMPERS in ROOSEVELT'S Cabinet, and you will picture in this country a situation far less radical than the one which obtains in England.

### Inevitable Change

OF THE EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY LAW passed by the present Congress the scope is limited. It excludes from consideration the negligence of fellow servants, and provides that the victim's own carelessness shall operate, not to make him bear the whole consequence of the accident, but only in reduction of damages, in the proportion in which his negligence contributed to the accident. These are great concessions, but they apply only to workmen on railroads, and, among these, only to such as are engaged in interstate journeys. It should be the duty of every

State Legislature that meets next winter to make the new law universal as to all industries and every State. Not merely the workman's interest is it to demand this law. Alert also should every taxpayer be who helps support the poor-houses, asylums, and hospitals, to which the maimed and incapacitated drift; every person who sees his money paying the heavy salaries of judges and meeting the burdensome expenses of courts, whose time the corporation uses to resist claims. The wealthy evade a considerable part of the taxes which they should contribute to support the machinery of government, and, in police protection, fire protection, and court services, use that machinery to a degree which makes the average taxpayer's benefit small indeed. That is the selfish, economic argument for such laws; human justice demands them regardless of economic argument.

### We Tell a Story

COURAGE IS THE MORE DIFFICULT in proportion as it is more needed. The mining States of the West are supposed to contain a large proportion of men of boldness and adventure. Yet the fact is that the Western Federation of Miners are able to terrorize many communities in those States. Probably the men of the Rocky Mountains are willing to risk commercial or political boycott. It is certain that many of them would incur chances in open war without a qualm; and probably many would not be deterred from plain duty by the fear of a bomb in the middle of the night. But a wife who can not see her husband leave for an hour without wondering how he will come home makes fear terrible in any household. Now listen to a story that is as horrible as it is true: A man in one of the mining States, whose public duty brought him, for a period of four months, into conflict with the Western Federation, lived in a town at which an important mail train arrived shortly before four o'clock in the morning. On that train each day arrived a special delivery letter, addressed to his wife, notifying her that sooner or later the bomb would get her husband. The letter carrier's ring, awaking her from sleep each night, was enough to break the stoutest nerve; and the careful timing of letters that came from widely distant points was proof enough of a conspiracy elaborate and ingenious. To bear up under this, and the vivid example of STEUNENBERG, murdered at his gate six years after he offended the Federation, takes high fortitude. The men and the women who exercise it should have all the support which they can derive from the abundant sympathy of the outside world. For the sake of the honest labor unions of the East, it should be known that the American Federation of Labor extends this sympathy.

### History's Verdict on the Haywood Trial

FREMONT WOOD is the judge who presided at the trials of HAYWOOD and PETTIBONE for the murder of STEUNENBERG. That he leaned backward in his earnest effort to keep Idaho free from the imputation of denying a fair hearing was widely believed. His position, moreover, made him the best judge of HARRY ORCHARD'S confession. His formal statement, therefore, several months after the trials, is likely to be the judgment of history. This sentence especially will be long remembered:

"I can not conceive of a case where even the greatest intellect can conceive a story of crime covering years of duration, with constantly shifting scenes and changing characters, and maintain that story with circumstantial detail as to times, places, persons, and particular circumstances, and under as merciless a cross-examination as was ever given a witness in an American court unless the witness thus testifying was speaking truthfully and without any attempt either to misrepresent or conceal."

Since in the preceding editorial we have stated a fact not before made public, we recall also this declaration of Judge WOOD:

"I want to take the opportunity on this solemn occasion to say to the associates in crime of this defendant that they can not by such acts terrorize American executives and prevent them from performing their plain duties, and they can not prevent American courts from declaring the law exactly as they find it.

"Judges and executives may be placed out of the way by the hands of the assassin, but there will be others immediately to take their places just as ready and just as determined to perform their duties."

Added to courage and resolution on the part of courts and executives, there should be patient explanation to the great body of honest miners that, even if they think they have wrongs, a contest between force and cunning always results in cunning's favor; and that their

better weapons are candor and the appeal to justice and fair spirit. Will the Socialists at Chicago next week nominate HAYWOOD for the Presidency of this country?

#### Cannon Delendus Est

**H**ERE IS MORE READING for Uncle Joe, and it would interest him if he cared anything for the opinion of enlightened men and women everywhere, which he certainly does not. We reprint part of resolutions passed by the Appalachian National Forest Association:

"Whereas, Patriotic and thoughtful men and women, boards of trade and other commercial bodies and the public press throughout the entire South and New England, are demanding the establishment of the Appalachian National Forest; and,

"Whereas, Congress through its Committee on the Judiciary and through its Committee on Agriculture are unaccountably delaying action on this important and vital legislation; be it

"Resolved, That we earnestly and respectfully submit the facts to the Congress of the United States, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent by the secretary to the Speaker and to each member of the Judiciary and Agricultural Committees, urging their prompt report on the pending bills, as a matter not only of vital concern to the South and to New England, but as a duty which they owe to the nation; be it further

"Resolved, That in the opinion of our association we are but voicing the aggressive sentiment of the South in stating that no measure now before Congress contains so much of good to the whole nation, and is so free from injury or wrong to a single individual, community, or State, as the pending bills, and that the situation absolutely demands at the hands of our Representatives in Congress their immediate action."

The Speaker has Congress by the throat, because he has the committees by the throat. Had the Appalachian bill reached the floor and been submitted to a fair debate we believe that it would have passed.

#### Arbor Day

**A**MONG SCHOOL HOLIDAYS none is more beneficent than Arbor Day. It also is a legal holiday in some States. Probably no holiday on the calendar will, in the long run, accomplish more, either of definite, practical utility, or of desirable, ideal influence, than will Arbor Day. The date ranges according to latitude, all the way from the 1st of March to the middle of May, and the purpose is thus indicated in the statutes of one State, which stands well enough for all:

"It shall be the duty of the authorities of every public school in the State to assemble the scholars in their charge on that day in the school building, or elsewhere, as they may deem proper, and to provide for and conduct, under the general supervision of the City Superintendent or the School Commissioner, or other chief officers having the general oversight of the public schools in each city or district, such exercises as shall tend to encourage the planting, protection, and preservation of trees and shrubs, and an acquaintance with the best methods to be adopted to accomplish such results."

The benefits of such a day are not merely for posterity. No child can fail to gain in outlook and in character by taking part in a ceremony which pays homage to Nature and which fixes the mind about the future sources of prosperity and of happiness.

#### Poor Old Erie

**S**OME MEN AND WOMEN, wishing to improve their suburb on the Erie Railroad by such methods as promoting the planting of trees, shrubbery, and flowers in public as well as private places, have organized a borough club with such laudable design. Disgusted with the signs displayed in and around their railroad station, they wrote a letter to President UNDERWOOD of the Erie Railroad. Part of the answer is instructive:

"In my official capacity I am often called upon to do things which, personally, I would not do, and this is one of them. It is my sworn and bounden duty to do what I may to recoup the treasury of the Erie Railroad for the losses it has sustained, and will continue to sustain, by reason of the thoughtless and confiscatory legislation, both State and national, that has been directed against it and other carriers."

Now this is one of the saddest plights caused by the parlous times through which we pass. Can not the ordinary citizens of New Jersey make a collection of sufficient size to recompense the poor old Erie for the loss in revenue it would sustain by doing a civic work which its president would so dearly love to do, had not Mr. ROOSEVELT and the public been so horrid in their treatment of the railroads?

#### What to do for Shakespeare

**O**VER A NATIONAL TRIBUTE to SHAKESPEARE dispute is rife in England. There are two main parties, one advocating a memorial to be erected in Portland Place, London, the other a national theatre. FORBES-ROBERTSON is "in favor of a statue, a monument of imposing proportions." ARTHUR WING PINERO remarks that "the notion of offering a tribute to SHAKESPEARE by dumping down a heap of statuary in the Marylebone Road is ridiculous." ANTHONY HOPE, Professor BUTCHER, and HENRY ARTHUR JONES are among the disputants. WILLIAM ARCHER bursts into song:

"What needs my SHAKESPEARE? Nothing.  
What need we?  
A Playhouse worthy his supremacy.  
O bathos! to the Voice of all our race  
We pile dumb carved stones—in Portland Place."

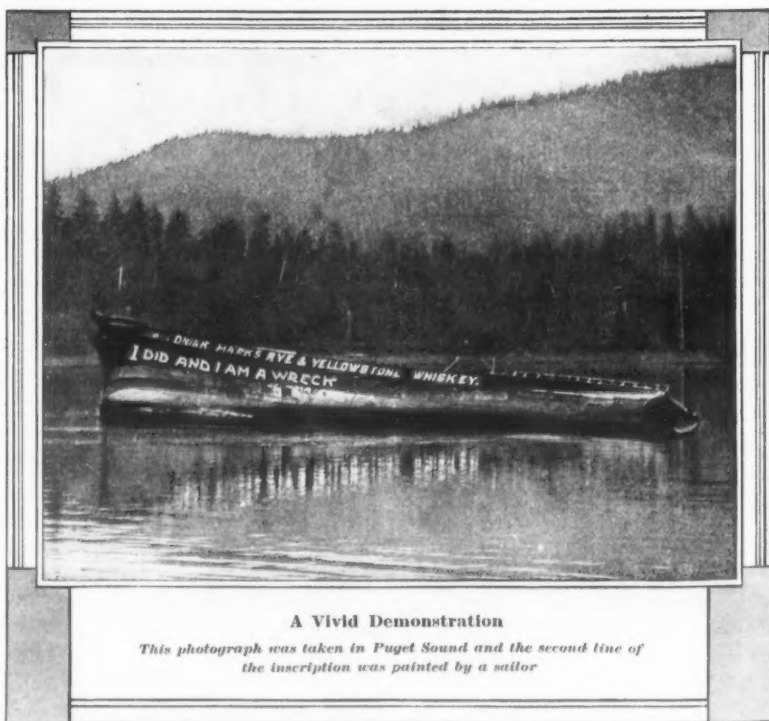
MARIE CORELLI lacks confidence in her fellow countrymen's ability to raise a sum sufficient for the memorial. She also laments the fact that SHAKESPEARE's portrait appears on a certain beer bottle. HALL CAINE has not been heard from. Our own opinion has not been asked. It is to the effect that the best scheme is that which is executed best. England is not strong on sculpture. Whether she can manage a national theatre is a question not yet settled, which deserves at least the answer which would be given by a serious attempt.

#### The Theatre of Molière

**S**PEAKING OF THE DRAMA, we wish to contribute one item to the dispute which has recently raged about the size of theatres. Arguments are naturally founded on the most famous theatre in the world, regardless of the fact that in that theatre creatures too poor to buy the most expensive seats hear but little of what the actors say. What we started to observe, however, was that misconceptions about the size of MOLIÈRE's audiences persist, in large part, because of the statement of HENRI SAUVAL, in his "Paris ancien et moderne," that MOLIÈRE's theatre contained from three thousand to four thousand persons. This estimate has long been set aside, along with many other of this author's haphazard allegations. The soundest modern opinion is to be found in convenient form, in EUGÈNE DESPOIS's "Le Théâtre français sous Louis XIV." The conclusion there reached is thus summed up: "It seems, therefore, that the audience of MOLIÈRE can never have included more than one thousand persons." The price of seats is known, and the price for "standees" in the parterre, and it is known from LA GRANGE's *registre*, kept day by day, what were the gross receipts, which only once, if we remember correctly, exceeded two thousand livres, and then only slightly—on the occasion of the long-suppressed "Tartuffe," which stimulated public curiosity to the utmost. Of these usually less than one thousand spectators fully fifty per cent were crowded into the pit, standing close up to the scene, for there were no musicians then, as now, between pit and stage.

#### A New Microbe

**T**HE CELEBRATED DR. KOCH seems to have happened in America upon a new bacillus. In attacking the doctor, this microbe fell into a culture medium unsuited to a rapid growth. The reports of the scientific expert's "nervous prostration" apparently were founded on the unsuccessful onslaught of this bug, which, although its attack was vicious, has thus far been worsted, and has really produced only a certain *malaise*, commonly described as grouchiness, a malady akin to surliness. Our public-spirited citizens wished to express appreciation in many banquets, editors sought specials, and reporters were keen for interviews which should tell a waiting public how the doctor was about to corral all the microbes in the world, and so give us life eternal. Even the great man's wife was unsuccessful. To Frau KOCH was given a friendly hint that the doctor should try to conform a little more to American usage. She thereupon mollified her husband in New York a trifle, but, judging from reports, after their departure from New York for the Far East, via Chicago, St. Louis, and San Francisco, even her blandishments were of no avail. The Professor had received such a fright from the aforesaid microbe that he decided to retire altogether into the safety of his shell. It is his intention to return some time for a longer stay in America, but it is not unlikely that before then he will have discovered an antiseptic which will destroy this microbe of publicity. Otherwise he probably will not come.



A Vivid Demonstration

This photograph was taken in Puget Sound and the second line of the inscription was painted by a sailor





If the Antivivisectionists Should Prevail

Drawn by  
BOARDMAN ROBINSON

## The American Saloon

*An Intelligent Brewer's Effective Back-firing Against Prohibition*

By WILL IRWIN



### V—The Texas "Clean-Up" from Within

AT A MEETING of the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association five years ago, B. Adoue, president of the Galveston Brewing Company of Texas, rose and made himself unpopular. That was in the middle period of this prohibition wave, when reform from without was not yet exactly a menace—only an irritation.

"Gentlemen," said Adoue in the sparkling French accent which has survived his forty-five years in America, "we must clean house, or they will get us. Correct the abuses in your own trade, or you will be beaten everywhere by the Prohibitionists." Some laughed; some applauded ironically; none believed. A little later, one mentioned Adoue to a German brewer of Ohio.

"Adoue?" said the brewer. "Oh, he is an idealist. You can't be an idealist and succeed in a brewery."

Five years later, with Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi "dry," with Tennessee and North Carolina on the tottering verge, with Florida in the balance, with even Louisiana not wholly secure in the "wet" column, the brewers' associations everywhere are proclaiming "the work in Texas," are advertising clean-ups "on the Texas plan," are acclaiming—with strong mental reservations—the work of B. Adoue. The thing has grown like a myth. On the Atlantic Coast, brewers' and wholesalers' press-agents tell you that the Texas brewers are winning back the State, and that the Texas saloon is reformed and redeemed.

What, as a matter of fact, have the Texas brewers

done, and to what effect have they worked in knocking out the props from under prohibition argument? Have they checked the movement? have they reformed any one of these evil tendencies which are such an ever-present help to the Anti-Saloon League and the Prohibitionists?

We must go back a moment to first principles. The brewers, when all is said, carry more responsibility for the degraded American liquor traffic than any one other agency. Their vicious habit of setting up saloons and more saloons, and yet more saloons, has so overstocked cities, towns, and even country districts that few saloon-keepers can succeed and still be straight.

The successful brewery manager is he who sets up and keeps running the most saloons. "Any hobo who floats down the Southern Pacific tracks can get started in the business in this town," writes a brewer of El Paso, Texas. The system is the same in Texas, New York, California, everywhere; a system which, germinating in the "necessities" of business, has fruited in a multiplication of drunkards.

By a turn of poetic justice, the brewer is also the chief sufferer from strict prohibition laws. The distillers thrive in wet Ohio, wet Pennsylvania, and the wet counties of Kentucky. They live in hopes, partly fulfilled, that they can sell liquor in dry territory just the same by shipping it surreptitiously to "boot-leggers" and "blind tigers." The wholesale liquor dealer, driven from South Carolina, rested in Georgia, whence he shipped contraband goods into South Carolina, or "induced" the State Dispensary. Driven from Georgia, he moved on to Jacksonville, where he flourishes

now. If Florida votes dry, he will doubtless move north to Baltimore or west to New Orleans, and go on, a little crippled, but still prosperous. But the brewer, whose bulky kegs and casks are hard to smuggle, whose goods are perishable, whose plant is expensive—when his area of influence goes dry, he is in hard lines. That is why the brewers are making so much frantic noise over this prohibition wave.

Now it happened that B. Adoue was a brewer only by accident; and as an outsider he saw the game. A native of the Garonne, a Gulf blockade-runner during the Civil War, he settled down in the period of reconstruction as a banker and a kind of business Pooh-Bah in Galveston, and built up a fortune in the steady, honest way of the French merchant. One of his enterprises was an ice and cold-storage plant. A great national brewing company prepared to establish a branch plant in Galveston. This would have meant death to the local ice company. Adoue organized a brewing company, built a brewery, and preempted the field. He is not a practical brewer; his manager attends to that; he is only president of the brewing corporation, as he is of half a dozen other companies.

Texas felt the first ripples of the prohibition wave in the last years of the nineteenth century. The movement became so strong that in 1899 the Legislature was forced to pass a county local-option law. A huge, unwieldy State, Texas is also singularly diverse in population and sectional spirit. The northern counties, strongly American rural districts, fell away in sheaves from the wet column. The movement invaded the central counties, was felt even in the cosmopolitan population of the South. When 100 out of 245 counties and innumerable small precincts had gone dry as a bone, the "liquor interests," and especially the brewers, came into the familiar condition of headless panic in which they always face a dry movement. They fought it as they usually do—awkward, lying arguments from New York and St. Louis press-agents, sincere in inverse proportions to the size of their salaries, colonized voters, lobbying, and inducements to legislators. Bull-headed and bull-necked, they continued the iniquities of their negro dens, their dives, their saloon-fronted gambling halls. The hundred counties became a hundred and ten, and then a hundred and twenty.

### The Work of the Brewers' Detectives

ADOUE, not as a reformer, but as a man of business, considered all this. He saw what not one brewer in a thousand has the perspective to see—that the reformers had a powerful argument in the degradation of the liquor traffic, and that the only hope for the brewers lay in a clean-up from within.

Already the Texas brewers had a loose association, affiliated with the Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association and with the retail saloon leagues. Among the allies he could never get a hearing, but he did half convince some of the brewers. "We have come to the parting of the ways," he told them in 1904. With the spirit in him which makes him dominate—they say in Galveston—everything which he enters, Adoue brought them to a doubtful acquiescence in his plan.

The brewers should combine to reform the business. They, with their power over the saloon traffic, should see that the "dive"—the Southern term for a saloon infested by low women—got off their lists, that gambling in saloons was eliminated, that the business was made respectable. With their tongues in their cheeks, I think, the others gave him the nucleus of a fund, and turned him loose. Adoue proclaimed and advertised his plan, organized a detective bureau, and started in. Saloon gambling was his first objective. He wrote to county attorneys all over the State, offering the services of his detective bureau to help them clean out the gamblers—in saloons. Many anti-Prohibitionist district attorneys, seeing a way to check prohibition sentiment, accepted the offer. And here, so far as it went, the brewers' detective bureau did very good work. It cleaned up in Adoue's home town of Galveston; it harried the gamblers into quiescence in a dozen small Texas cities.

Conspicuous was their work in Dallas. Hatton W. Sumners, as honest an official as the city ever had, was elected Attorney of Dallas County in 1900. Though handicapped by an old frontier law which gave him no right to break down a door in a raid, he made it so uncomfortable for the gamblers that, when he came up for reelection in 1902, they colonized voters from Fort Worth and beat him. In 1904 he came in again on a slight reform wave. Taking the offer of Adoue seriously, he wrote for help. The brewers sent up their detective bureau. Sumners, using it in his own way, went after the gamblers with all his might. He could not raid, as I have said, but with the help of brewery detectives he did manage to get evidence before the grand jury, and to convict the local dealers of running faro and stud-poker games again and again. He made the business so sick and unprofitable that some of the gamblers closed their tables.

Sumners drafted, too, a strong bill for the State Legislature, giving the State permission to break doors and making it felonious even to own property on which gambling-houses exist. The bill passed the House and lingered in the Senate, and then Heaven intervened. Jeff McLain, Attorney of Tarrant, the adjoining county, raided at Fort Worth the house of a notorious, gun-playing gambler. The gambler met him at the door and shot him dead. And that very day, when northern Texas was white-hot, the Legislature, on a junketing trip to Gainesville, fifty miles away, passed through Fort Worth. The legislators returned, put an emergency clause in the gambling bill, and shot it through. A law so stringent and so well backed by public opinion was not to be defied. The gamblers moved on, and in one respect the detective bureau of the brewers found its occupation gone.



That bureau helped, in a desultory way, to enforce Sunday closing in certain small cities threatened with prohibition. The detectives focused their energies on a low vaudeville theatre in Galveston, and kept arresting the proprietor and his women until the place grew unprofitable. I believe that they harried out one dive in San Antonio. But Texas was never bothered very much with the dive. Although the low negro saloon is as vicious there as elsewhere, the saloon where the scarlet woman flaunts is not common, as in Louisiana.

And that is about all I can find that they really did up to 1906.

**T**HE prohibition wave kept right on. The hundred and twenty dry counties became a hundred and thirty, and went on toward a hundred and forty. The dry forces of the State were not yet agitating State prohibition, but it became a certainty that some law looking toward more stringent State regulation of the liquor traffic would be introduced at the session of 1907. Adoue lit a back-fire; he had his attorneys draw up a strict bill, he sent the brewers' attorneys and lobbyists to crowd it through the Legislature. The saloon-keepers, in various parts of the State, opposed it violently. Adoue's men called them together, reasoned with them, beat them into line. After it left Adoue's hands the bill was considerably modified; the reformers declare, and with reason I think, that many passages were invalidated through "jokers" introduced by that corps of hardened brewery agents which Adoue has never really won to his cause. This measure, known, after its incorporation with other bills to the same effect, as the Baskin-McGregor law, passed triumphantly.

It is a long law, and, on its face, a strict one. Selling on Sundays, to minors, to habitual drunkards, to women in bars, is prohibited, under penalty of forfeiture of the license. Gambling and screens at saloon doors are forbidden. The applicant for a license, besides giving the usual certificates of moral character and putting up the customary bond, must have on his papers the written permission of a majority of residents in the city block where he proposes to set up his business. By petition, a majority of the residents of a city block may eliminate any undesirable place. A license to sell alcoholic liquors costs \$750 a year, and to sell malt liquors \$125 a year. This law, which revoked all past licenses and permissions, went into effect on July 11, 1907.

I think of Adoue leading the Texas brewers as I think of Kuropatkin commanding the Russian army, or General Bingham governing the New York Police Department—an able and honest executive, smothered and fettered by the inherent corruption in the system under him. For the “practical” brewery managers and brewery agents in his association are not “idealists” like Adoue. They have grown up with the system.

His idealism they use when it serves that immediate profit beyond which they can not see. In their business creed the rankest, most awful heresy is still the loss of a customer. The way in which the brewers went at their dive and gambling crusade illustrates this. They had it in their power to regulate any dive, any saloon gambling house, simply by refusing, as a body, to sell it beer. They hardly ever used this weapon, although sometimes they shook it at the saloon-keepers as a mild threat. They were in the ridiculous position of maintaining a highly expensive detective bureau to get evidence against dives from which they were making daily profits by the sale of beer.

And no sooner was this Baskin-McGregor act upon the statute books than brewer, brewery agent, saloon-keeper and wholesaler began, in the old familiar way, to find how to break that law.

Because Galveston is nearest home to the association headquarters, and because the brewers did some of their most effective work there, let us see how the Baskin-McGregor law worked out in the city of its inception.

though they sold it beer to the end—stopped gambling in saloons, and lifted a little the "tone" of saloon-keeping. A trifle which especially pleased the city was the expurgating of Galveston Beach. This resort, which draws excursions from all Texas, is a commercial asset to the city and to the brewers. Once it was infested by prostitutes. The brewers lent the city two detectives to make that Coney Island of the South a respectable place. They did their work effectively. Prostitutes are now strangers to the beach, and order has been so well preserved that the police made only four arrests on the beach all last year.

Also, the brewers forced the saloon-keepers to take down the screens which hide the disorder of low-class bars. Galveston, as a city, does not want the State Sunday law enforced. It compromises by making the saloons close between nine and one—church hours. To further that end, the brewers agreed—in writing—with the Chief of Police to refuse beer to any place which he might designate as undesirable. That club has never been used; but it has helped the city government of Galveston—perhaps the squarest and straightest city government in this country—to keep the saloons obedient within reason. All this on the side of the brewers; now for the other side.

THE grocery saloon, or "drum," is an institution peculiar to the Gulf States and to the Pacific Coast. Scattered about the residence districts of Mobile, Galveston, San Antonio, or San Francisco, one finds these little double establishments, a small grocery in front, a "neighborhood" saloon in the rear. Texas has licenses, making the beer privilege rather cheap and the whisky franchise rather dear. In Texas, therefore, the "drums" usually carry only beer licenses—ostensibly. Pretty generally they keep whisky bottles under the bar, at command

In Galveston these grocery saloons have been disorderly and pernicious. The color line is not so strictly drawn here as in other parts of the South. Very generally, the low, saloon-infesting kind of negroes drink at these bars beside white working men. The "proprietors," universally set up in business by the breweries, are mainly raw Sicilians, picked, it may be presumed, just because they are not usually scrupulous citizens. These groceries, to the front apartments of which wives and children of working men come for their ten cents' worth of coffee, are dirty, disreputable, and disorderly. Negroes, half-drunken and boisterous, slouch back and forth from bar to counter; the slatternly wife of the Sicilian proprietor impartially serves beer over the bar and weighs sugar over the counter. And though the brewers held these places in check a little, forced some of the more filthy into a physical house-cleaning, they cherished the grocery licenses as the apple of their eye. More, they jammed the city as full of them as it could hold. Young Sicilians, coming into Galveston with only one hundred dollars, have been running grocery saloons within a week after their arrival.

Father J. M. Kirwin, rector of the Catholic cathedral at Galveston, had long marked and noted the grocery saloon as a bad influence on his flock. He is a young Irish-American priest, alive, vigorous, fighting, and immensely popular among all classes and creeds. He went to the root of the evil, as a priest can do; and he found the breweries responsible. He had a grievance almost personal against them, too. The cathedral, with the parochial residence and the parish school, occupies three-quarters of a city block. There is only one other building on the block—a two-story structure, stores below and tenement flats above. And this building held a grocery saloon, running under the shadow of the church—a saloon set up and backed by a brewery. Father Kirwin tried to get rid of the place by influence and arguments. He met only polite evasions. And so, in the days when the brewers were backing, with noise of trumpets, the Baskin-McGregor law, he drafted a bill amending the Galveston city charter to let the city dis-

But when the reformers of Galveston saw the Baskin-McGregor law, with its clause permitting residents to drive out saloons by petition, they believed that the districting law was not needed. Father Kirwin was one of the first to be cured of that illusion. He started for his corner saloon. He had the bishop's household and his own household on his petition; but he found that the saloon-keeper had colonized the tenements above his place. So, under the law, Father Kirwin could not even move the saloon from the cathedral block.

**A**LSO the Home Protective League of Galveston, whose moving spirit is E. R. Cheeseborough, "father of the commission system," found the joker in this clause. A court ruling, sound under the law, decreed that lodgers and even transients might be counted as residents. Any saloon-keeper, with influence and brewery backing, might colonize at will and rise superior to public demand.

Joker number two came out of the pack at about the same time. The complainant in such a case must go through cumbersome legal processes, too wearisome for the average citizen to undertake; and he must file a bond to guarantee all costs of the suit in case of failure. The Home Protective League made in certain precincts of Galveston a half-hearted fight which failed almost utterly. Only one saloon was removed under the Baskin-McGregor law; and exceptional influence was brought into this case.

Then a Sicilian tried to set up a grocery saloon in the same block as the Ball High School and across the street from the cathedral. Public opinion forced the owners of the land to frustrate that plan; and then another Sicilian, Licata by name, applied for a license to run a saloon at Twenty-fifth and H Streets. This was a residence district, already overstocked with corner grocery bars. The very manager of Adoue's Galveston Brewery was back of this application—though Adoue, struggling under the weight of the system, probably knew nothing of this. Two Irishmen, owners of the location, had leased it to the brewery for five years. The Home Protective League got F. K. Perley, a resident, to petition against that license and to lead the fight. Perley was bluffed and bullied; but the reformers held him in line, while they got signatures to his petition. Public feeling ran high. Just before the case came off, "Dave" Fay, one of the owners, walked over to Perley's house, beat him up thoroughly and satisfactorily, proceeded to a police court, confessed the

No the undersigned agree when so requested by the Chief of Police, not to deliver any beer on Sundays, and we agree not to sell any beer to anyone at any time when requested by the Chief of Police not to do so.

*Alfred Lloyd Stevenson Esq  
Prof. L Allen & Co Miller Bros &  
Jesse J. Knight Drumming Co  
Mont. Terr. Wholesale Beer Dealers  
Salt Lake City, Ure Co.  
by express*

The furmance of the above, the Police Liquor & Const  
Dealers of the City of Galveston are hereby notified that  
from and after this date no beer will be advised in  
the City of Galveston from twelve o'clock Saturday  
night till five a.m. of the following morning.

January - 13, 1908.

H. H. H. H.  
Minister of Police

### The Galveston Brewers' agreement to "be good"

assault, and paid his fine. New faces appeared in the lodging-houses of that block. They were enumerated by the brewers' attorneys and agents, under that ruling which made any man who took his hat off in a house a resident of it. So the petition, attacked by the brewery, defended by the best public opinion, failed utterly.

Good citizenship is in the air of Galveston. This public revelation stirred the town. The Home Protective League determined to have done forever with the Baskin-McGregor law, and to use Father Kirwin's bill, permitting the City Commission to district the saloons. Although Galveston has every faith in the probity of that business commission which regulates her affairs, many reformers, Father Kirwin among them, doubted if public opinion was really behind them. Nevertheless, they made the fight. The brewery men fought back tooth and nail—"the poor man's beer" was their campaign battle cry. Adoue himself fought it; he declares that he had in mind, when he backed the amendment to Galveston's charter, a less stringent district rule which would have reduced the number of saloons, kept them away from schools and churches, and still left beer depots near the homes of working men. The brewers played, though with little success, for labor union influence. Father Kirwin found that a certain



walking delegate, who had not worked for seventeen years at the trade he represented, was going to appear as a friend of beer before the Commission. The priest went to that man. "See here," said he, "I have your union record. You'd sell yourself for about ten dollars. If you appear before the Commission, I'll expose you." The walking delegate did not appear.

And in the midst of the fight came a brewery manager to Father Kirwin, saying: "We will close that saloon at the corner by your church." "You will," said the priest, "but not as a favor."

The Commission met, heard arguments for several days, and voted, five to one, to district the city according to the plan of the Home Protective League. After August, no liquor may be sold away from the business and water-front district; and a hundred and fifty-one bars, ninety per cent of them run by Sicilians and other Italians, will go out. Most of them are grocery saloons, selling—legally—only beer; the brewers are hard hit there. Eternally looking at public opinion through the colored glass of their own bottles, they tried to beat their own law, and, in that city which has no saloon influence in its politics, they made a miserable failure. Such failures they would make everywhere but for the protection of the ward boss.

In no other city of Texas have the brewers done so much as in Galveston; perhaps because no other city of Texas is so well governed, so free from any corrupt influence. In San Antonio the city breweries and agencies fought the enforcement of the Sunday closing clause in their own Baskin-McGregor law, until the reformers, the clergymen, and at last the grand jury came down on them. Then they agreed to be good; and, though the regeneration is recent, they had been good up to the end of last March. Little as it is, this is something. Elsewhere the saloon interests have never yielded to law except in the last ditch. In all the Texas cities, too, there seems to be a general tendency for the saloons to fear the law. This fear is not so pronounced that it strikes the casual observer as a main blessing of life in Texas, but I believe that it exists.

Of course, the brewers have made all possible use, in politics, of this more or less insincere reformation; and that opens another chapter. In the past three years a "slush fund" of more than \$300,000 has been handed over by the brewers to Adoue for "the cause." He spends it without voucher; and he has spent much of it for expenses in the local-option campaigns, by which the brewers and retail dealers have checked a very little this prohibition wave. It is ridiculous to assume that it has cost \$100,000 a year to keep up that detective bureau; and, in fact, the detective bureau is much used to do politics in local-option campaigns. I can not find that saloon campaign methods in Texas differ from saloon campaign methods in Louisiana or Alabama or Mississippi. In Texas, as elsewhere, they pay up in January the poll taxes of corrupt negroes, that they may vote those negroes in November—wet. In Texas, as elsewhere, they vote solid the purchasable electors. In Texas, as elsewhere, they flood the contested counties with that lying campaign literature which emanates from William Street, New York, and from a "religious weekly" in St. Louis. No clean-up there!

Of course, the wholesalers and the retail saloon-keepers are all in these campaigns; perhaps they do the dirty work and pay for it, while the brewers merely hire the halls, paint the banners, and procure the speakers—and perhaps no. The forces under Adoue include men who are strangers to truth and who lie to him as consistently as they lie to the public. Certainly the Texas brewers have once been caught paying poll taxes—and paying other people's poll taxes, in the South, is equivalent to doing corrupt politics. Before the county local-option campaign in McLennan County, the association sent to a Waco bank \$5,000, which was drawn upon by the saloon-keepers for the express purpose of paying poll-taxes—this came out in court.

#### The Prohibition Tide Really Turned

AND yet they have turned the prohibition tide in Texas; and that is the illuminating thing. Forced grudgingly to decency, unexpurgated of their tendency to juggle with laws and politics, making negative the work of an honest executive by their own inherent crookedness, they have still created enough favorable public sentiment to help them win their campaigns. No other State in the South has more wet counties now than in 1906. Elsewhere a county disputed has been a county dry. Paid poll taxes, colonized voters, press-agents—all have not availed; the wave has gone steadily on. But in the 245 counties of Texas there were three more wet in 1907 than in 1906, and four more in 1908 than in 1907. That is all, but it is unique.

Adoue says that he intends to abolish, if he can, the pernicious system of setting up saloons. He needs to be quick about it. The Texas local-option campaign has gone on partly without head, partly under leadership of the Rev. G. C. Rankin. Although Rankin is a fighter, his calibre is limited; readers of COLLIER'S may remember how he published advertisements of the worst patent medicines in his Baptist "Christian Advocate."

But now, for the first time, the Anti-Saloon League is in Texas. Arriving last July, they started a movement for State-wide prohibition. Probably they will force the Democratic Party to take a plebiscite on the prohibition question at the July primaries. If they win that they will demand that the Legislature order a referendum election on a prohibition amendment. When this machine of experienced, moderate, able, clerical politicians enters a prohibition fight—with their methods, so well adapted to American politics, their understanding of the economic argument, their system of raising funds, their expert direction from Columbus, Ohio, and Washington—then let the brewer look to his fences.

May 9



Louis Strang, the American driver, in an Italian car, winning the 260-mile race in 5 hours and 14 minutes



The winning car rushing through the crowds that lined the road for miles on both sides of Briarelliff



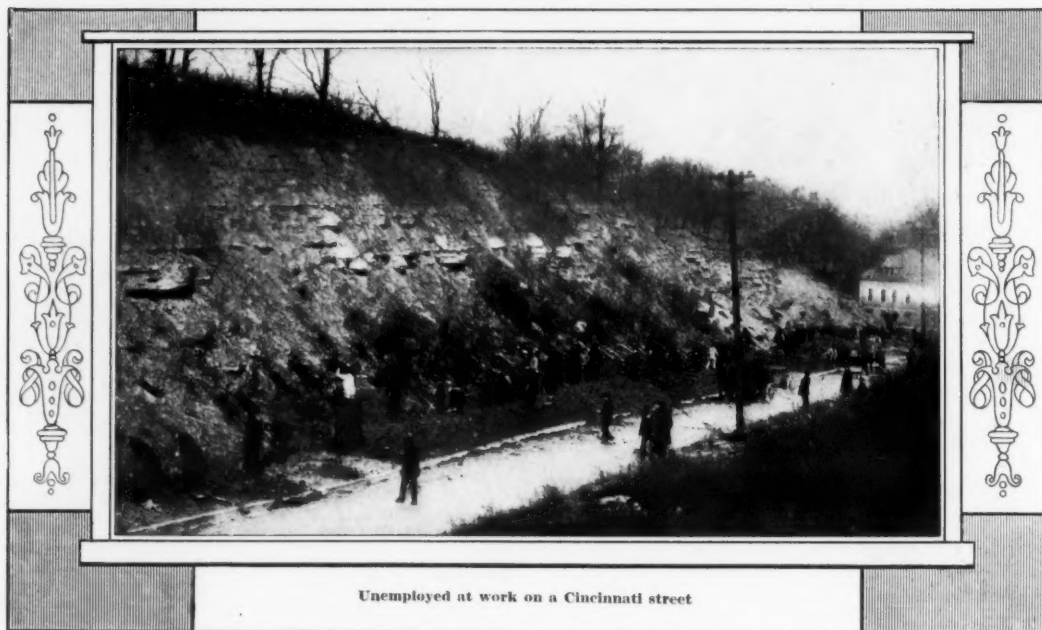
A contestant in the race for the Briarelliff trophy over the difficult and dangerous Westchester County course, April 24

### The Briarelliff Race

ABOUT as severe a test as was ever made of automobiles in a road race was the competition for the cup for stock cars offered by Walter W. Law of Briarelliff, New York, on April 24. Twenty-two cars—ten American and twelve foreign—were entered for the 260-mile race over a 32½-mile course in Westchester County. Sixteen of the number completed the course in good condition, and only two were disabled by the breakage of any of their parts. Probably no course could have been found that would have given the cars a severer trying out. On the whole 32½ miles of the circuit there was not to exceed 5 miles of straight road. For the rest of the way it was up hill

and down, with a score of sharp turns. Only a portion of the route was even macadamized; the other roads were very narrow highways, which were rutted and cut to pieces before the day of the race by the cars practicing for the contest. In spite of the difficulty of the course, however, the winner, Louis Strang, driving a 50-horse-power Italian car, covered the 260 miles in 5 hours and 14 minutes, or at a rate slightly under 50 miles an hour. Emanuel Cedrino, also driving an Italian car, finished second, a little more than five minutes behind Strang. An American car, driven by Guy Vaughan, was third to finish, coming in a little more than six minutes behind Cedrino. Strang, who won the Briarelliff race, was also the winner of the 342-mile stock-car road race at Savannah, Georgia, on March 19.





Unemployed at work on a Cincinnati street

## Out of a Job—News of the Unemployed

The last of three articles describing the case of the idle workers

**SOME** day the state may sort out, weigh, and put in proper pigeonholes, the mysterious forces which bring about panics and widespread lack of work; devise speed laws for the reckless; plot charts of the tides and shoals; so arrange things, from some sort of central weather bureau, that when a thunder-cloud bursts, the picnic party, instead of scattering, more or less soaked, for the nearest cover, shall each march decorously home under his own umbrella. Our Socialistic friends would, I suppose, even have the state waiting with umbrellas for those who had none of their own.

Better yet, do away with panics altogether. To do away with panics before you have done away with all those weaknesses of judgment and self-restraint which make vigorous, healthy men eat, smoke, drink, work, and play too much, until they are brought up standing by sudden pain or disease, would seem difficult. Long before that millennium is gained, however, there must be much that might be done to improve the machinery of a society, which, in a few weeks or months—with just as many to do its work, just as much to feed and clothe them—can drop from extreme prosperity to extreme hard times.

Nor, apparently, should such reform be difficult. Bright young men, anxious to guide the universe, stand waiting with solutions at every street corner. One, here in New York City, showed how little he knew of the unflinching naïveté of the editors of this paper by assuring me that there was no use telling what ought to be done, as we wouldn't have the courage to print it. Another, in Cleveland—an older man, busy night and day in the city's charity—after telling how they had done their work, shrugged his shoulders, and said: "But, after all, it's only salve for the sore. It doesn't affect the fundamental disease."

"And how would you cure the fundamental disease?" I asked him. "How would you prevent panics?"

"Why, my boy!" he said, and a tolerant smile spread over his face. "It's so simple that if I told it to you you'd think I was dreaming. You're familiar with the principles of Henry George!" There are many single-taxers in that wide-awake and public-spirited city, from the Hon. Tom Johnson down. There are as many theories as there are books on political economy and individual kinks of mind; but these articles, although they may possibly induce thought, aim to present not theories, but immediate facts, things seen and heard. And the immediate fact is that helpless people must be helped, however inadequate and unsatisfactory such help may be.

It is unsatisfactory because, no matter how "scientific" and unhysterical and efficient, "relief" is only a substitute for reality; a crutch; the slow, laborious, perhaps useless, patching, which falls to patient doctors and nurses after the battle is over—the battle, which, in so many cases, ought never to have been fought. To help and stimulate without destroying initiative and the desire to help one's self; to tide over without reducing self-respect or increasing parasitism is, of course, the general aim of such work. In most cases the situation has been "met," in some sort or other, by increasing the activity of regular charitable societies. Here and there associations or municipalities have tried "emergency" devices—engaging the idle on public work.

Organizations in the large cities have found their work doubled or trebled over that of normal times. I have already told how 20,000 lodgings were given at the Municipal Lodging House in Chicago during February where 1,000 were given last year, and of how an increase of 100 per cent over last year in the number of cases handled by the Chicago Relief and Aid Society

was made up almost entirely of persons out of work. In January, seven of the larger charitable organizations of that city received applications from 11,438 families; last year, in the same month, the number was more than 5,000 less.

In Cincinnati as many families were assisted by the Associated Charities during January and February as were helped during the whole of the year ending August, 1907—the end of their fiscal year—and during that year there were two floods. In January, 5,868 lodgings were given to 1,350 different homeless men; last year less than one-fifth as many lodgings were given to about one-third as many men. The February figures were about the same.

Similar conditions existed in Cleveland, although that city did not undertake any such emergency work as Cincinnati tried in making a special appropriation to pay the unemployed for work on public parks. As many as 700 new families applied for help from the municipal charity during some of the winter weeks, and over 4,000 families were being cared for at the end of March.

I mention these cities only because I happened to visit them, not because the situation there was any more abnormal or acute than in dozens of others. In New York City one of the two larger societies, the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, received, from October 1 to February 29, applications from 3,924 families, as compared with 2,909 last year. Among these there were 782 able-bodied men who could not find work; there were none such last year. The sewing bureau, in which garments used in the society's work are made up from materials supplied by it—such work as was described in the preceding article—had 332 women, as compared with 202 last year. The other of the two larger societies, the Charity Organization Society, had 2,074 families under "active" care at the end of February; last year it had 1,333. In February, 1908, 609 new families applied for help; in 1907, 286; in February, 1908, 549 applied; in February, 1907, 258.

### Doctoring the Wounded

**TO** MEET this increase—each added unit an entirely new social problem, with all its individual idiosyncrasies of temperament, capability, and experience—food, fuel, and clothing as intelligently given as may be, wood-yards and workrooms, street cleaning and similar work supplied by the city—all these little sedative or stimulative drafts do what they can. Some sort of "work-test" is naturally one of the first necessities, both to keep the self-respect and to drive away the parasite and vagrant grafter.

For men this is most commonly supplied by a wood-yard, where cord wood is sawed and split—in Cincinnati they make it into bundles of kindling, and dip the ends in resin—and paid for in cash, food, or lodging. It is unsatisfactory, just as any such imitation is unsatisfactory. In New York it costs \$3 or \$4 to do by hand what machinery outside does for fifty cents. Half of the space in the West Twenty-sixth Street yard, which might be used by men who need work, is now piled high with kindling wood which can not be sold, and every cord that is sold is sold at a loss. Still, food is food, and fifty cents for three or four hours' work is a lot of money when you have none at all, and a family at home in a fireless tenement waiting for something to eat.

And so they came, 250 a day—all that could be handled in the yards in Twenty-sixth Street and in Harlem—three-fourths of them men with homes—carpenters, plumbers, bricklayers, and the like—glad to do anything. Wheeze-wheeze go the complaining saws

through the hard wood; faces get lobster-red and dripping, backs lame, and unaccustomed hands blistered. The men, in derby hats, often, just as they have come in from the street, huddled together yet unknown each to the other, bound by no common tie of pleasure or pride in their work, plug along in silence, as though, so to speak, the joke were on them, and they were paying some quaint election bet.

They get fifty cents for work which the efficient complete in a couple of hours. This is paid in cash or in tickets good for food and lodging, according as their case seems to demand. Some beg for permission to do more than the fifty cents' worth allowed each day, and some, like the Irishman I saw in the Twenty-sixth Street yard, complain that the foreman has favorites, and no man livin' could split that bunch o' knots—he'd been workin' on one stick for an hour, and he'd see him in hell first before he'd split it up; and a few are of the mind of the cheerful nomad who scrawled on the wood-yard gate, "Just tell them that you saw me, but you didn't see me saw."

### Imitations of Normal Employment

**T**HERE are occasional clerks and office workers among them—near this same Irishman, a stonecutter—wages from \$5 to \$6 a day in good times—no work for months. Only ten men out of the seven hundred in his union, he says, are working now. Alongside him a steamfitter—wife, two children—latter sent to an institution—no work for three months and nothing left to live on. The wife has got work in a society sewing-room, and the society is helping them with their rent. And here a tinsmith, wife and four children, the latter taken out of school in January because they had no clothes to wear; asked for help only when their furniture had been pawned and the eldest child was down with pneumonia; had earned \$25 a week, but no work for several months. And here are two others taken from the recent notes of an A. I. C. P. investigator:

"— is a carpenter, sixty years of age. He has six children, the eldest twins, eight years old. He has always been able to provide for his family, but this winter found it impossible to get work. In December his case was referred to us by a public-school teacher. Former employers speak very highly of him, but can not give him work just now. He has been most willing, and even eager, to work in the wood-yard, and in this way has provided in part for his family. The association has given food from time to time. His wife has also helped a little by doing day's work."

"— is a gasfitter, thirty-nine years old; able to earn \$5 a day at his trade, but for two months has been idle. He has four little children and a sick wife. In January he came to ask us for help. Since then we have given the family food and fuel and a great deal of clothing. Wood-yard tickets have been given so that he might earn a little. His wife is tubercular, and we have secured entry for her into a hospital. Her condition is largely due to the strain and poverty of the last two months."

For capable men like these, willing to take anything that offers, the wood-yard is really a practical crutch on which to hobble along for a time. The half-dollar will at least buy food, and after their work is done they still have most of the day to knock about town and try to pick up something else.

The municipal lodging-house is another of the available life-belts—sometimes merely a station-house floor or an ill-ventilated basement; sometimes, as in Chicago, a very decent sort of cheap hotel, in which each man, although sleeping in a large room with many others, has his own wholly separate bed—not even sharing of a double-decker, as is the custom in New York. There are various schemes of payment—generally by labor in a wood-yard or on the streets.

In Chicago this winter it was decided that one full day's work on the streets entitled a man to three nights' lodging. This included the same amount of food as that supplied to the German army when on a war footing, and the two additional days gave them a chance to hunt for work without worrying over food and shelter. The Chicago "Tribune" and the Chicago & Northwestern Railway Company assisted materially—the latter by loaning the use of buildings, the former by regularly operating a house, in connection with the Municipal Lodging House. Altogether there were four houses in Chicago capable of sheltering about 1,500, but every man had first to be registered, to receive a bath, medical examination, and to sleep at least one night in the main house before receiving shelter at the others.

When the crowd was turned out at five o'clock in the morning the superintendent questioned each man and handled him accordingly. The sick were sent to hospitals or dispensaries, immigrants referred to their own people, young fellows from the country persuaded to return, the able-bodied sent to work. In normal times the employment bureau run by the house is generally able to send men to paid employment—a fair and natural test of their willingness to work.

"To be able," as Superintendent Mullenbach puts it, "to refer a lodger to paid employment is at once to take him out of the ranks of the unemployed and dependent—is his best inspiration for renewed endeavor toward independence, and leaves him without excuse if he throws the opportunity away." This winter, however, such a solution was, of course, impossible. After consultation with the Mayor, therefore, it was decided to let the men pay for three days' lodging by one day's work of eight hours on the streets. The scheme was tolerably successful. More men were physically fitted to sweep streets than to saw wood, and any amount or kind of street-cleaning would be a good thing for Chicago.

In New York the wood-yard is no longer an integral part of the municipal lodging-house, and the only compulsory work is that implied by the charter, which gives the services of each lodger to the superintendent up to eleven o'clock in the morning. As the thing works out only about twenty men are kept each morning to help in the work of cleaning and setting things



to rights. The rest are turned out. Every one is gone, generally, by nine o'clock.

No such hordes came to the New York house as descended on Chicago, because New York is not such a centre for casual labor, but the overflow from the house was—and still is—greater than in many years. There are beds for 353 men, and the overflow sleep on the floor and benches of a heated room in the Charities' dock. In December there was a total overflow of 2,590; in January, 1,616; in February, 1,763; in March, 1,297; and for the first fortnight in April about 750. The comparative figures for the past three years are as follows:

	1905-6	1906-7	1907-8
December . . . . .	4,348	4,802	11,581
January . . . . .	4,588	5,067	11,864
February . . . . .	3,938	4,187	10,902
March . . . . .	4,054	4,234	11,024
Total . . . . .	16,928	18,291	45,371

Late every afternoon the line forms at Avenue A and Twenty-third Street, awaiting the opening of the doors at six o'clock. Once inside, each man gets his supper—bread and coffee—then, one by one, in line, they pass the doctor and the registry clerk. The sick ones are weeded out and put to one side, the others give their pedigree, check their "valuables"—no one with more than twenty-five cents is allowed to stay—and pass downstairs to the hot shower baths. No one is supposed to receive shelter for more than three nights in each month, but in applying this rule the superintendent uses his discretion. If, for instance, a deserving man finds a job, he may be kept until he gets his first week's pay. And in spite of the lack of a general work-test, the compulsory pedigree, marked down in black and white and filed away in a card catalogue for all time, keeps most of the mere "hoboes" away. One cold evening in March, as I was watching the line file slowly past, a middle-aged, nervous, eccentric-looking individual, with hawk-eyes and long gray mustache, after eating his supper and waiting his turn for half an hour, suddenly burst out when the clerk began to drone off—"Name—Age—Where were you born?—Where'd you work last?"—with a: "Here! I can't use up all my time answering your questions!" clapped on his hat and disappeared into the night. Professional vagrants, indeed, generally beg enough on the streets in times like this to live comparatively independently at cheap lodging-houses—no work, no questions asked.

Laborers, immigrants who couldn't speak a word of English, drivers and longshoremen, negroes (one with an ankle swelled twice its natural size), a few mechanics, shuffled past that night—presently a tall young New Englander, clean and freshly shaven, and standing straight as a ramrod, as if to assure the world that, however curious his appearance there might be, he had nothing to be ashamed of. He looked like the member of the debating team from some remote fresh-water college. For valuables he handed in a few letters, a leather pipe-case, a razor, and a shaving brush.

He was a typewriter, he said, and downstairs, later, as he put his clothes into the fish-net sacks in which each man's apparel is disinfected, he explained that he had been employed by a big Massachusetts electric company. The force was cut in two, and he had come to New York, thinking that here it would be easier to find work. He had haunted the typewriter exchanges until his money was gone, lately he had answered advertisements and gone from place to place. It was his first experience in New York. He didn't want to write home, and he had even tried to enlist, but the recruiting officers told him he was too tall and slim for his weight. He couldn't quite get down to begging—"I'd hate like time to do that," he said—and he was keeping afloat at the lodging-house for a few days in the hope that something would turn up. If nothing did, he would try to get to Peekskill, where, so one of the gang said, they were building a dam or a subway or something.

#### Putting Them to Bed

**D**OWN into the basement, heavy with the smell of steam and soap and disinfectants and soiled clothing, the men kept descending. Upon the head of each an attendant poured a little "green" soap; a piece of soap and a towel were given him and his clothes taken to the fumigator. As they stepped out of these clothes, muddy, wet, soiled, each escaped from his particular husk of visible circumstance and, often, suddenly ascended to a new and unexpected dignity. One Achilles, whose straight back and superb shoulders compelled one to find out what quaint mask he might wear in the upper world, said he was a coal-shoveler. And the sight of them, all these strong arms and straight legs and powerful backs, idle, herded in here in the steam and heat, mere *chair au canon*, was strange and vaguely disturbing. Still stranger, perhaps, a moment later as, warm and pink from their baths, they sat side by side awaiting their turn to be vaccinated—their seamed, telltale faces belonging, as it were, to society and us, their clean, strong bodies to some simpler, easier, golden age—wrapped in the fresh white nightshirts like little boys.

In addition to this regular machinery, various experiments in giving idle men employment on public work have been tried. Why shouldn't the state, instead of pushing public works in prosperous times when labor is most expensive, save those things which need not be immediately undertaken—roads, parks, and the like—to bridge over such sags as this? Why shouldn't it, by employing on public work at wages enough lower than the prevailing rate not to attract laborers away from normal employment, both give occupations to the unemployed and lift from employers the weight of keeping—merely that their men may not suffer—more men at work than they need? Questions like these are constantly heard at a time like this.

Directly such projects are attempted or such suggestions worked out in theory, those concerned find themselves floundering about in a stormy smother of social and other isms and all the complexities of modern industrial psychology. A declares that such enterprises weaken initiative and tend to make the individual a parasite; B, that they represent only a faint beginning and are not half broad enough; C shivers at the heresy of employing men at less than the market rate—and so on and on. Without endeavoring to settle such riddles further than to admit—that all must observe—that there is a general tendency for society to work together as a harmonious group rather than as a mass of mutually irresponsible and warring individuals, I shall merely mention, by way of suggestion, one or two experiments made during the winter past.

#### Public Work for the Unemployed

**C**INCINNATI, for instance, appropriated \$30,000 to be spent in "emergency" work on public parks. There were about 5,000 applications and work was given to about 4,500 men, only those able to prove that they lived in Cincinnati getting any. The Superintendent of Parks hired the men, each one of whom had to fill out a blank answering the following questions: Name? Address? Married? How many children? What ages? Any children working? What property do you own? Income derived from same? Savings? Are you an old soldier? What pension? Occupation? Ward? Precinct? Twenty-five per cent of the men hired were not accustomed to manual work. According to the necessities of each case, work was given to some for four days and to some for a month.

The Park Superintendent told me that he believed the experiment had been commercially successful, that is to say, that he had got a reasonable return for the money expended. He would approve establishing a municipal stone quarry and macadam plant on which the idle might be employed at such a time. Casual citizens, whose judgment was based on having seen half a dozen men fuss round a quarter of an hour to move a few shovelfuls of earth, seemed to doubt the scheme's commercial success, although they were glad enough that idle men had got something to do. The head of a charity society thought the appropriation quite inadequate, and that \$50,000, at least, would have been needed to "meet the situation." The head of another doubted that the applications had been properly investigated. Men had registered under several names, he said, in order to stand more than one chance of getting something to do; successful candidates had even disposed of their chances to others. So far as it went, it relieved his own society just that much, but the rather casual methods under which the scheme was run did not appeal seriously to his "scientific" charity mind.

In Columbus, Ohio, an "emergency day" for raising funds was conducted, and the money collected was spent in cleaning streets and alleys. The city provided tools and wagons, wages were fifteen cents an hour, each workman was limited to twenty hours a week, and all payment was made in coal and provisions. Those not wishing all at once, received a credit-slip, which could be collected on later or given to the landlord in part payment of rent.

Emergency devices were not thought necessary in Cleveland. An especially interesting scheme of raising the money needed for extra charity work was tried here—\$10,000 was raised by workmen in factories who set aside one per cent of their salary.

In Chicago a business men's committee collected \$100,000, to be distributed by various societies through their regular channels. One experiment in employing men on special park work was considered. The result of it, as described by Mr. Ernest Bicknell, of the Bureau of Charities, I give here—not as a general summing up of the possibilities of public work for the unemployed, but merely to hint at the practical difficulties that were met in this one case:

"We called," says Mr. Bicknell, "on the president of the

sanitary district, and inquired whether he could give some work. He said he would, and he indicated a certain stretch northwest of the city where men could be employed at excavating a large ditch intended to divert a stream. The subcommittee went over the ground very carefully with an engineer. There was a ditch which will be three-fourths of a mile long, eighteen feet wide at the top, and from five to seven feet deep. The Sanitary Board was willing to pay 25 cents a cubic yard for excavation. That 25 cents had to cover all expense. The men would have to have wheelbarrows, picks, and shovels supplied them. They would have to haul the dirt out and put it along a certain place where a levee had to be constructed. More than half a mile went through a growth of oak trees. The men would have had to fell that timber, grub the stumps out of frozen ground before they could do the excavating. But there would be no pay for getting rid of the timber and stumps; that had to be counted in under the 25 cents a cubic yard. We considered the kind of men we would have to put at that work, men who had never handled a pick, men who have worked hard, but worked inside factories, worked in buildings, worked under shelter. We could see very plainly that working out there in the weather, with picks and shovels and wheelbarrows which they did not know how to use, they would not be able to earn more than their car-fare out and back and the price of their noon lunch. In addition, it would take an hour and a half in the morning to go out there from the North Side and an hour and a half in the evening to get back. From the South Side or from the southwest part of the city, it would take two hours to two hours and a half in the morning, and the same time in the evening to get home. So we had to reluctantly abandon that proposition. It seemed quite impracticable.

"In closing I would like to say that the provision of public works in a time like this, as emergency employment, is a very much more complex thing than the ordinary citizen regards it to be. If the work could be so differentiated that a man would be able to perform enough of it to earn the money which he has to be paid, it would be all right, but that seems impracticable, as things go. People like to say: 'We will have these men do something worth while; we will have them do something that will beautify the city or improve the city; make their work count; we will pay them wages and turn them into doing these things, and it will be a great thing for the city and be a good investment all round.' I say it can't be done. The men you have to employ are the men who have to be helped, and you can not ask whether they can dig, or build, and do the work to the best advantage. Therefore when people propose that large public works be created in order to give employment to unemployed men, they are proposing something which has some value, but which is far from solving the problem, because a very large proportion of the men who have to be helped can't do the work to be done."

#### The Riddle of To-morrow

**S**O MUCH for one man's comment on one experiment tried. As has already been said, the moment you venture beyond the obvious, tangible fact of a man asking for food and work, you plump directly into the swirling midst of riddles and theories, the answering and working out of which is ultimately to involve the evolution—if not revolution—of our present social and industrial system.

One feels much as Superintendent Mullenbach of the Municipal Lodging House said he felt one evening in Chicago a few weeks ago. Those who had been in the thick of the fight—charity officers, county superintendent, visiting nurses, a little lady who worked "down below the yards" among the idle Poles—got together and compared notes. The committee had prepared a list of questions, the last of which was "Lessons gained for use in future work?"

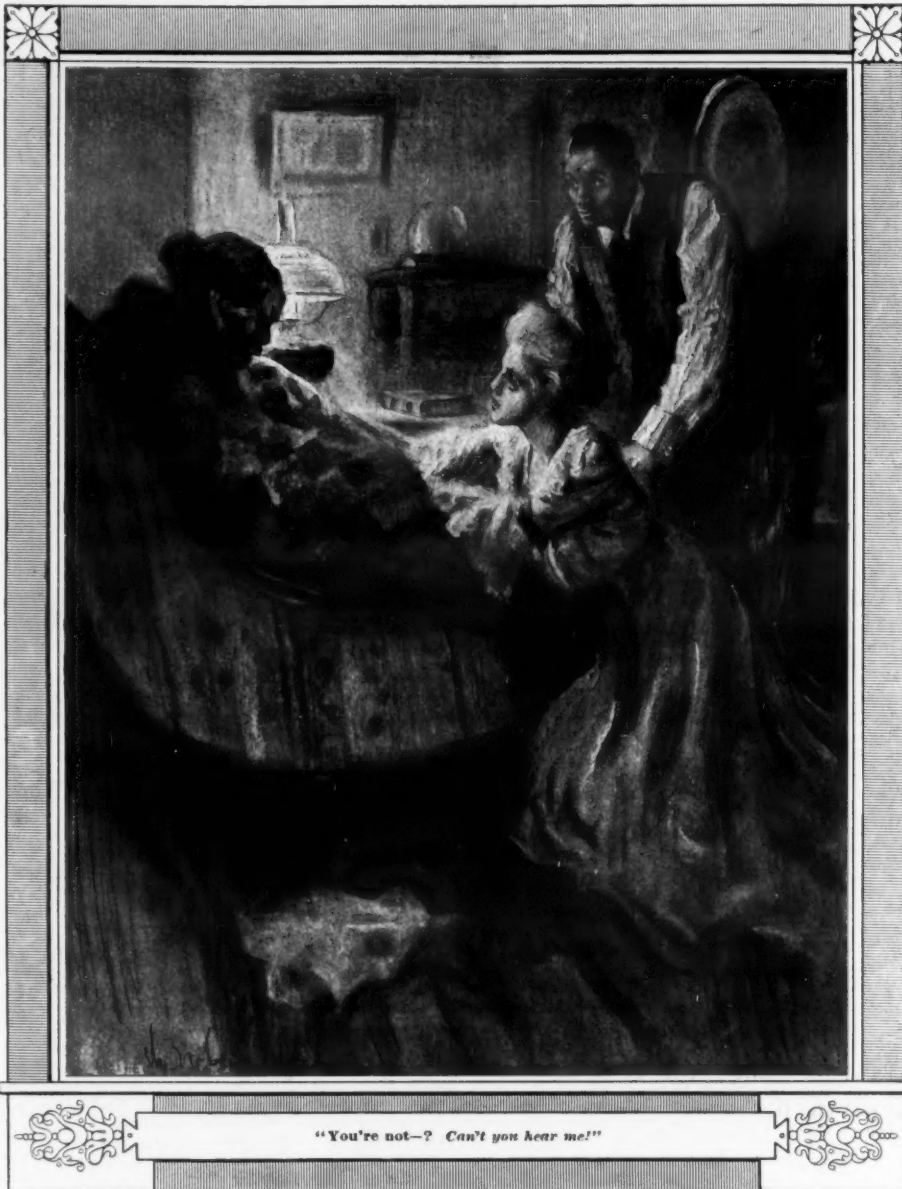
"I don't know that it's up to us to answer that," said Mullenbach. They had had about all they could do giving men food and shelter and something that at least looked like work. When the number jumped from sixty to a thousand a night there wasn't much chance to reason why. Nor were they through with it yet. Work might start up again, the idle disappear, but the harm had been done. Standards had been lowered, strength broken, diseases caught, families torn apart—difficulties created which he and the others there would be trying to solve every day and every night for three or four years to come. They had enough to do to take care of their own work. But there were people whose business it was to think about these things, and try so to improve conditions that they would become impossible. "I'll leave that," said he, "the lessons to be gained, to the political economists and statesmen."

In some such state of mind these necessarily casual observations of a widespread condition are left—facts, things seen and heard, however unrelated, which may be worth thinking about—which people must think about, presently, whether they want to or not.



In a New York City wood-yard





"You're not? Can't you hear me!"

Part II

## A Black Drop

By MARGARET DELAND

HERE is no need to tell just how it went. . . . As for *why* it went, who can say? Framely Stone, at any rate, was not interested in such an analysis; he must have known that it was not her mind that made him love her, for in her gentle silences, her

slow, monosyllable replies to his outpourings, no mind was visible; it was not the poor, good child's goodness that attracted him, for he really did not know how very good she was; it was not her humor, for she had none; it was not even her beauty, for he thought very little about it; it may, perhaps, have been the appeal to his chivalry—the chance to rescue—but if it were so the youth himself did not know it. No; Framely could not say what he saw in Lily, nor why he was crazily in love with this simple creature of another world, though not of another race; this girl whose refinement was, of course, a negligible quantity rather than anything positive—a lack of vulgarity rather than any true perception of beauty and fitness; whose goodness lay in doing her humble duty; whose intellect was only able to adore and to imitate. He did not know or care *why* he loved her; he loved her! That was enough. He never knew just when he fell in love; it pleased him to tell her that it was the first moment he had seen her, sitting at the piano, in her purple dress, with one hand straying idly over the keys, and the other resting on the head of Miss Wales's shrill fox terrier. But he did not get to this point of confidence for some three months after that first walk. Meantime, there was a call at the house on Baker Street (a call which made Framely Stone feel just a little sick; that dreadful locality! that parlor! Augustus, Mammy; and Lily!—a jewel in an ebony setting!), then no more calls, but a concert or two, and many walks. On one of these she told him that it was terrible to see only colored people.

"I don't mean Mammy. I love Mammy," Lily said, loyally; but her lip quivered. It was on their next walk, one September afternoon, that he told her he loved her. Lily, dazed at the wonder and the glory of it, stammered she knew not what; and then, in the lonely dusk of an old covered bridge, the young man

took her in his arms for one swift kiss, that left him trembling with the new solemnity of joy. Lily was stunned into rapturous silence, and for a while, as they stood looking down at the black water lapping and whispering against the stone pier in midstream, there was only a broken word or two from Framely, and a murmur from Lily. When they got into the open country and were walking under the yellowing branches, the young man told her what he wanted: an immediate marriage.

"At once, dear," he said, "at once! You must come away from—from that old life, my Lily; oh, my white, white Lily. Of course, dear, my gratitude to Mrs. Foster for her care of you makes it my privilege as well as my duty to do everything I can for her. But I must take you quite away, darling; *you* understand, my white Lily?"

"You don't mean you don't want me ever to—to see Mammy?" Lily said, in a frightened voice.

And he reassured her tenderly. "Of course not, you angel! As if I would interfere with your angelic sense of duty!"

And then he talked about their future, and his wonderful love, the like of which had never been known in all the ages of the whole round world; and he wanted to know what was the first minute that she had "given him a second thought." And she was so absorbed in worshipping him that she could not find any words to reply. So it was. . . . Again the old story. Again the new wonder.

It was quite dark when he left her at Mammy's door on Baker Street. "Shall I come in and tell her, dearest?" he said; but she shook her head.

"She does not understand anything," she said, sadly.

There were several dark passers-by on Baker Street, but she supposed he would kiss her when he said good night—it was the custom of lovers on Baker Street to part thus kindly. Instead he held her hand in a brief clasp, and then, lifting his hat, went lightly down the rickety wooden steps and was swallowed up in the autumnal dusk. Lily's heart came up into her throat at the wonder of it.

As for Stone, he went to his rooms and wrote to Miss Wales, announcing his good fortune in the usual formula of ecstatic youth, and closing with the assurance that he would never forget that he had met his happy fate

in her house; also, that he would come round after dinner and tell her all about it.

Poor old Miss Wales put his letter down and said distractedly: "Good heavens!" It was only Miss Wales to whom the news could be painful. Framely Stone had no close relations to be distressed by such a marriage; as for his connections, they were like our own—ready to be agreeably shocked and intensely interested in seeing him make a fool of himself. Only Miss Wales was near enough to the situation, and to him personally, to feel positive dismay, and even grief. Indeed, she reproached herself, almost to the point of tears—as if she could have prevented the gods, poor old lady!—but to the happy lover, when, dutiful and stubborn, he presented himself after dinner for the reproaches he knew would come, she only said bluntly:

"Of course you know I am not pleased."

"Why not?" he said cheerfully.

"You know why as well as I do," she retorted.

"She's poor," Framely admitted, smiling.

Miss Wales frowned. "Please don't be foolish."

"She lives with colored people," he confessed, still smiling.

"Well, if you want to put it that way, yes. You know what I mean, Framely," she ended pathetically.

She was so plainly upset that Framely Stone, who was really a very nice boy, though irritated, as a boy naturally would be at opposition in love affairs—Frame sobered a little, and said that he did know what she meant: "Or what you think you mean," he amended. "You see, Miss Wales, you don't understand Lily. I don't believe any woman could. She is—well, I can't seem to express how perfectly—why, *wonderful*, don't you know?—she is! I can't put it into words!" the boy despaired. "Oh, Miss Wales, she *understands* when I talk to her!"

"Well," Miss Wales admitted, "I suppose it is convenient to have a wife who understands when she is spoken to; but—"

"Oh, you are on the outside," Framely interrupted; "you can't see anything but her circumstances. I admit they're dreadful. I am perfectly open-minded. I can see how it strikes you—a young white girl, shut out from all the opportunities, not only of her class, but of her race. That's how it looks to you, on the surface; but below the surface, her mind! her soul! Miss Wales, it is like finding a jewel in an ash heap!"

Miss Wales shook her head dolefully. "Framely, please don't be poetical; it's all I can do to get my breath, without trying to follow poetical flights. Framely, I don't want to be an interfering old maid, but you know, my dear boy, your mother and I were very dear friends, and your father was a sort of forty-second cousin, so I have a right to be anxious about you. And, of course, this is a dreadful mistake."

Framely sat down on a hassock beside her, and took her hand. "Scold me all you want to; it shows you care about me. There isn't another living being that likes me enough to scold me. But please like my Lily, too."

Miss Wales groaned: "What on earth do you see in her?"

Of course, only a logical old maid who was also a schoolmarm would have asked such a question; as if Framely Stone, or any other lover, could say what he "saw"! When the young man, stumbling among his adjectives, tried to answer her, Miss Wales gave up and listened to his ecstasies with what patience she could. But under her patience she was nursing herself. . . . Her hand, when she laid it upon his arm as he rose to go, positively trembled. "I suppose," she said, with a little breathless laugh, "that class differences are not really vital; or even differences in cultivation—though I have always thought, poor old maid that I am!—that it would be necessary to have at least the same taste in jokes; but—" Miss Wales was really frightened: "Framely, please don't be angry, but I must ask you just one thing. Are you sure she—*is white*?"

She felt his arm suddenly contract under the shock of her words. He shook her hand off and turned fiercely upon her.—"Oh, Framely, dear, I have to say it. You must be sure, Framely."

"I am sure," he said frigidly.

"Why are you sure?" she asked; and then, in a whisper: "I have never been sure."

"You insult her!" he cried out; "I can't discuss this with you." Then he softened, for the kind old face was trembling. "I beg your pardon. I know you only mean it in kindness to me. But I want you to be kind to Lily, too, and—that was an awfully cruel thing to say, Miss Wales. Yes, I *am* sure! Perfectly sure. I have Lily's own word for it."

"And whose word does Lily have?" she said softly.

"Whose?" Framely repeated, astounded. "Why, Mrs. Foster's, of course. Mrs. Foster told her her parents were white. And who would know better?"

"Nobody," said Miss Wales significantly.

The smoldering anger in the young man's honest gray eyes leaped into flame. "You think Mrs. Foster is a liar? I wouldn't have believed that you could be so unjust!—just because she is colored. Thank God, I have no prejudices of that kind. That poor, nice old woman! And you told me yourself that she had the most beautiful manners in the world!"

"Do you think beautiful manners and truthfulness are necessarily synonymous? Still, I don't in the least mean that she is what you call a 'liar.' I merely mean that her pride—you know she is very light herself—and most of all her love for Lily, might—well, she might love the child enough to deny her, don't you know?"

"Oh, say she 'lies,' Stone said coldly. "Don't try to save my feelings. All I can say is you are wrong. Absolutely, thoroughly, entirely wrong. Lily is as white as her name! Through and through, body and soul."

"I have never doubted the whiteness of her soul," said Miss Wales; and then her impatience hardened into the purpose of protection. "Framely, I have seen



people with colored skins who had Anglo-Saxon minds, and isn't it, perhaps, possible to have an Anglo-Saxon skin and a negro mind? And Lily, poor, dear Lily, her mind—"She caught at his arm as he turned furiously away. "Frame, wait, dear boy! Listen. I only want you to face the possibility."

"There is no such possibility!"

Miss Wales's silence was more emphatic than words, and Stone, to the accompaniment of the terrier's distracted barking, took his departure with all the formality of offenses.

As for his old friend, vainly bidding her dog be quiet, she went back to her little parlor and stood for a long time, one hand on the mantelpiece, staring at the blazing coal in the grate. "It would be safer," she was saying to herself, "safer, if he could have said: 'I don't care if she isn't white.' But he could not say that," said Miss Wales.

**M**ISS WALES was not the only person to be upset by learning what had happened on the River Road that night.

When Lily, her dazzled eyes wide with happiness, pushed open the door of the house on Baker Street, she found Mammy bundled up in the red and white patchwork quilt, motionless in her big chair, and Augustus at the table fussing with the reluctant wick of a kerosene lamp. He frowned with relief when Lily entered.

"Yere, yo', Lily!" he said irritably, "I can't fix this yere lamp. Seems to me yo's mighty neglectful of yo' Mammy these days. I had to feed her myself, yo' so late."

Lily contritely steadied the lamp chimney before she took off her hat, while Augustus, glancing behind him, said in a whisper: "What, ma'am?" and waited for some voiceless reply. Then he said:

"So your Stone fellow come home with you? You ought to be 'shamed o' yo'self, Lily; ef yo' Mammy had her senses, she wouldn't 'low no such goin's on with a white fellow."

Lily was not listening; she went over and knelt down by Mammy, putting her arms around the inert figure and saying something in a joyous whisper; then she looked passionately up into the deaf, unheeding face.

"Oh, Mammy, can't you hear? Dear Mammy! you would be so glad if you knew!"

Augustus had spread out an evening paper under the lamp and was laboriously spelling his way down its pink columns; perhaps he heard and guessed, perhaps "Sarah" whispered it in his ear; he lifted his head sharply and looked at Lily, smiling and crying, and stroking the poor numb hands. There was a minute's silence, then crumpling his pink sheet together, he rested his thin palms flat on the table and leaned over toward her:

"What? What's that? Has he been makin' up to you?—I won't have no such doin's!"

"Gustus! Mammy, hear that wicked 'Gustus! Listen to me: he has asked me to marry him, that gentleman has. I am going to marry Mr. Stone!"

"Him, marry yo'?" said Augustus; his black lips drew back from his yellowing teeth in an incredulous laugh. "Go 'long!" he said.

"It is true," said Lily; "I don't care whether you believe it or not—if I can only make Mammy understand it!"

Augustus gaped with amazement. "He want to marry yo'?" he said in honest bewilderment; then abruptly he turned his head and listened. "Yes, co's I'll ask her," he said; "she's got to tell me now, ef she's goin' off with a white man.—Lily, ef you're goin' to git married and go off, you got to gimme Mammy's book."

"How can I, when I don't know where it is?"

"Ef yo' don't tell me," he threatened, "yo' shan't go outen this yere house."

"But I don't know!" she insisted impatiently.

"I'll make yo' tell me," he said softly, and crouched a little, as if about to spring. "Lily, you hear me? Where?"

"Mammy!" the girl cried, shrinking close to the big, motionless figure: "Mammy, I'm 'fraid of him! 'Gustus, I don't know!"

"Well, then, you'll stay right yere in this house. Yo' white fellow won't marry yo' when I tell him—yo' ain't white."

Lily stared at him. She was so frightened that his words had no meaning. "I don't know where it is," she repeated faintly.

"Sarah," she talked with yo' pa. He tole her yo' wasn't white. Mammy is yo' mother. 'Sarah' says so."

The sense of it reached her then, and at the same instant its foolishness. She gave him a contemptuous glance: "I don't care what 'Sarah' says, and Mr. Stone won't care, either. 'Gustus, I can't tell you about the book. I can't tell you what I don't know, can I?"

"Then I'll tell you somethin' I do know," he began. "Mr. Stone won't care what 'Sarah' say? Maybe he'll care what Mammy say? Mammy tole me—now this is truth, as I'm alive; yo' Mammy tole me that you was her own chile. Will Mr. Stone marry yo' when I tell him that, Mammy's chile?"

The light of the lamp shone on his malicious grin and glistened faintly in the fixed blackness of the unseeing eyes that stared from the other side of the table. Lily put her hand up as if to ward off a blow. "Mammy's—chile?" she said, in a whisper.

"Yas," Augustus assured her loudly. "She's yo' mother. You don't take stock in 'Sarah'? Well, you'll believe yo' own mother, maybe? She tole me all about it. Yo' father's dead. He was white—else, co's, I wouldn't 'a' married her. I'm a perfect gem'man.

Ef you'll tell me the bank, I won't tell yo' white fellah."

Lily with a cry turned and flung herself against Mammy's knee. "Mammy, you're not—? You're not—? Can't you hear me?" she clutched the great inert arm and shook it. "Listen; you—colored woman! You are not my—my—? Say you are not—say you are not!"

And Augustus, over his shoulder, observed: "Listen to her, ma'am; denyin' her own mother!"

**F**RAMELY had suggested, very gently, that it would be better for them to walk together than for him to call on Lily. His first call on Nigger Hill, when he had been received in Mammy's parlor, with its musky smell, its tawdry furnishings, its photographs of black faces, was a nightmare to him. Remembering it, he said that it would be pleasanter to walk. Lily agreed, of course. She would have agreed to anything, poor, happy, bewildered child.

So when a little note came from her the very next morning, asking him to call, his instant thought, as he hurried to her, was that she was ill.

And, indeed, she looked very ill, the frozen white creature, with pallid lips and black shadows under her eyes. She opened the door in answer to his ring, and as he stepped in he had a glimpse of the kitchen, and the shining stove, and Mammy's fixed face above the red and white quilt. When they entered the parlor, Framely held out joyous arms.

"Wait a minute," Lily said: "First: I want to tell you . . . 'Gustus says . . . I am not—white."

Framey, his arms still outstretched, looked at her vacantly, then, laughing, caught her to his breast. "What are you talking about?" he said gaily. Lily trembling, pushed him away from her and looked into his face, speechless.

"Lily, darling! What's the matter?"

"He says—I am not—white," she repeated breathlessly.

Framey Stone gasped, as if he had been struck below the belt. He said hurriedly: "What? What?"

"Augustus says Mammy is my mother. Mammy is colored."

"He is a liar!" the young man said. "Lily, you shan't stay another hour in the same house with the beast. He is a liar!"

"I don't know," Lily said numbly.

"I know!" Framely cried; "why, my darling, my dearest, didn't Mrs. Foster herself tell you dozens of times—"

"Yes," Lily agreed heavily; "but 'Gustus says that was because she was so proud because I was—light. He says she told him that she was my mother."

They looked at each other in silence; then the boy said harshly: "Of course, it is a lie! One has but to look at you— But Mrs. Foster will tell us."

"She can't speak," Lily reminded him.

"But she must, she must!" he said, "that fool can't be allowed to say such things—"

"I don't see that I am any different," she said faintly. "I am just the same as I was—last night." She gave him a bewildered look; "ain't I?" she asked, in a frightened voice.

"Yes, yes; of course you are!" he cried, and took her in his arms and kissed her. "It is all a hideous lie," he assured her. And then, with his lips against her cheek, he whispered, as lovers love to do, his challenge

to Fate: "And suppose it wasn't? I love you! I love you! And nothing makes any difference, where there is love!"

He felt her delicate body relax in his arms, and sag down upon his breast, but the storm of reassuring denial brought the color back to her face. "It frightened me so," she said, timidly; and smiled, with the tears wet on her dark lashes. "But I am sure you are right; why, Mammy's told me hundreds of times that my father and mother were white people."

"Of course!" he said, and then made her tell him just what had happened. When he heard it all, he demanded to see Augustus. Together he and Lily went out into the kitchen. There, standing between Mammy, motionless in her chair, and Augustus cringing behind the table and whispering agitatedly to some unseen confederate, Stone wrung from the mulatto every accusing word—not one of which was evidence.

"You lie!" the lawyer flung at him contemptuously. He was aflame with generous and protecting love; with the frightened creature trembling against his arm, chivalry cast out fear. "We'll prove him a liar, dearest," he assured her, over and over; "don't think of the thing again!"

But when he left her and walked home through the squalid streets, somewhere back in his mind the thing lifted its evil head. . . . Suppose that Augustus had not—lied? All that day the thought, repudiated and denied, returned to dog him; late in the evening he went out to tramp through the darkness to get rid of the devilish impossibility. It was nearly twelve when some sudden impulse turned him before he knew it in the direction of Miss Wales's house, and he found himself hurrying along the street, repeating fiercely the assurance he had given Lily: "Lying nigger—I'll wring his neck for him!"

At Miss Wales's door he rung, then pounded on the panel in a distracted haste that could not wait for the old feet hurrying down the stairs. Swathed in her gray dressing gown, with the fox terrier barking distractedly beside her, Miss Wales opened the door herself, holding her candle above her head to see who it was.

"Framey!" she ejaculated, as the flickering light fell on his face; "what on earth has happened?"

And the young man with set teeth told her what had happened: "That damned mulatto has lied about Lily!"

Miss Wales was stricken dumb. Stone, in his angry absorption, pushed past her into the parlor. "Where are the matches?" he said. He fumbled for his own case, scratched a light, broke the match, swore under his breath, and at last got the gas lighted. Then he looked at her. "Well, why don't you say something? Can't you see how terrible it is? not that it could make any difference to me, it's only the insult to her! But, of course, there is not a word of truth in it. Lily says she is perfectly sure she is white. I haven't a particle of anxiety about it. But don't you see how horrible it is?"

"I see," she said. "Oh, my dear boy, I wish I didn't see so much. I'm afraid—I'm afraid."

"Afraid of what? What is there to be afraid of? The only thing I'm afraid of is that I won't get a chance to break his head!"

"I'm afraid—"

His eyes threatened her and she dared not finish.

"The first thing to do," he said, "is to prove him a liar."

Miss Wales was silent.

"But I don't know how to go to work," he groaned. "Every way seems blocked. If the old woman would only speak! Or if we knew where she came from. Of course, I'll track her down and find out."



"No," she said; "of co's I can never believe that"



"Why should you?" Miss Wales said. "Why is it necessary to find out—anything?"

"What?" he stammered; "not prove that Lily is white?"

"Do you have to prove it, to love her?" the old woman said, her eyes narrowing.

Silence tingled between them, and then, as if the words were torn from him, he said in an agonized voice: "Why, I—I have to prove it, to—to—" He stopped and ended in a gasping whisper, "to marry her."

Miss Wales drew a deep breath. He had said it! "I want to say one or two things to you," she began. . . .

She said them, mercilessly. . . . There were certain traits in Lily—she rehearsed them one after another, her even voice unshaken by his passionate interruptions and denials; there were characteristics of temperament, of taste, of physique; she did not spare him one of them. "Until I stopped her," said Miss Wales, "she used a sort of heavy perfumery"; then she added three sinister words: "They all do."

She had other things to say, but he would not listen. He stormed at her, insisting that she "take back"

everything she had said. In his fury he got up and tramped about the little room. "How can you have such thoughts!—(Miss Wales, if that dog doesn't stop barking, I'll—) Lily! As white as her name! I thought you'd see how she has been lied about. My God! What am I going to do?"

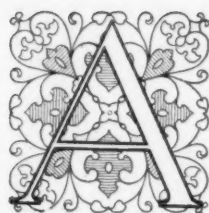
What he did do was to stay, storming, and denying, and affirming that anyhow it didn't make any difference, until almost daylight. When Miss Wales, with one hand gripping her terrier's nose, and pallid with fatigue, let him out into the dawn, he went away without even a good-by. "Hard hit, my poor Frame," she said to herself, as she toiled stiffly upstairs for a little nap. And then she thought pityingly of Lily.

"Whatever happens, I can see that she is going to be my chore, poor child." . . . "It could make no difference," Stone had said. And Miss Wales, repeating his words, added as if he could hear her: "My dear, the difference was made before you were born. You are helpless."

HE WAS helpless. . . . Of course, he struggled. Perhaps the straw on the current struggles to go up stream. Against the imperious surge of instinct, which forbids the higher organism to jeopardize the future, this youth put first love, and then pity, and then his word of honor. But in that terrific current, love, if a man holds to it, drags him down; and Nature has nothing in common with pity—that artifice of civilization to retard the fittest! Instinct sweeps past pity, as a stream sweeps past the bending grasses on the shore. Perhaps honor goes under last—even an honor weighted by that false idea of obli-

(Concluded on page 26)

## "Shang"



*This article of Mr. Child's is not fiction, but a faithful history of an ex-roadhouse keeper who lives near Providence, Rhode Island*

SUBURBAN trolley car rocks as it speeds out from the city limits of Providence into long stretches of Rhode Island brush-wood country broken by farms. They are the stony, gravelly farms of New England, whose fields, from a height to which the trolley now has climbed, look like sheets of coarse sandpaper laid down behind each of the monotonously white and gray houses. The road is so well marked by ruts that one instantly fastens upon it the name of turnpike.

By and by the car toots enthusiastically with the suggestion of compressed air unleashed, and swings in rhythm with its passengers' heads around a curve where mud puddles of early spring and ancient ovals of un-melted snow struggle for possession of the right of way. Here, at the three corners, under the sombre sky, sullenly resisting in silence the moist air of March, crouches an old structure, weather-beaten and trimmed with faded yellow paint. It is distinguished from a farmhouse by the number of its lifeless windows. A long, narrow, covered porch, shading the two forbidding front doors, stretches the length of the building. One would say it was a very old tavern—a "run down" place. And yet there is hardly enough dignity about it to name it an old tavern. Water settles in the back yard. There is a very modern platform built up, apparently for the convenience of car passengers. No one alights, however. The conductor, a young person, whose red face seems to be accentuated by the brass buttons and blue uniform, laughs as he turns his head, watching the house recede. "Shang" Bailey—you've heard of 'Shang,' he says. "He lives there!"

Now "Shang" is somebody in himself. It is best for one who would possess all the knowledge in the world to know where "Shang" Bailey lives. But "Shang," who lived sinfully enough—let him or the "sports" tell it—is not a circumstance to "Shang's" boon companion, to wit—"Shang" Bailey's Conscience. Bad as "Shang" may have been, and good as his Conscience may be, of neither would we write, except for the remarkable fact that they live together, or in fact ever came together at all. When the Conscience walked into "Shang's" vile old resort, which had earned many dollars and a reputation from Block Island to Chelsea as one of the "regulars" among roadhouses, and when the Conscience unannounced threw its arms about "Shang's" neck after all those years, then it became a matter of national importance! If the Conscience had come to "Shang" when he was sick, or poor, or when business was bad, then, too, what would there have been to say? ("But," points out the gray-haired old reprobate, "Shove" Walsh, who still runs the wheel at a little place which you can see from the Rhode Island State House, 'who ever heard of anybody's having a conscience while the fun and the money lasted?')

A large canvass was taken among men and women and children to see if any had heard of that feat of conscience before, and could "tell the name of the party." Not one. (So possibly old Walsh, with his beady eyes, had thrown much truth into his cynicism. After all, if one seeks truth, let him seek it from an ancient gambler, who has come to harbor from the sea of passions where he has explored the emotions, like one who is busy charting islands and knows much more about life and destiny and hate and love than one's own father. And "Shove" finds more interest in the story about "Shang" and his Conscience than in all the facts about the fight between Standard Oil and Uncle Sam, or the exposure of mining frauds or the scandal that crimps the hairs of aged Senators.)

And now the trolley car has gone. The side door of the sulky roadhouse opens, and a great-framed man, gaunt, and six-six in stockings, stands upon the steps. This is "Shang" himself. In one huge hand he holds an unfolded newspaper and looks out across the wind-swept field over a pair of dark-framed eyeglasses. There are no diamond studs in his shirt, the coat upon his long frame is not either loud or new. From behind him sounds no clink of glasses, no light laughter; under the trees stands no smart and vulgar trap, with cigarette stumps on the floor and a sprig of pussy willow



*The Story of a Man Overtaken by His Conscience*

By

RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

in the horses' bridles. At no window appears a face tired of artificial light. The good old bad old days have gone. "Shang" stands alone, shabby beside his shabby, sullen house. Without a slap upon his back, without a genial blasphemy at his ear, the associates of fifty years exchanged—for Conscience. What a bargain! What a bargain to be made when vice paid dividends! What a bargain to be made by such a man!

### A Poor Training for a Conscientious Man

HE HAS had a life that will squeeze out of man the last drop of sentiment, a life that will build that adamant philosophy which bars the doors of pity and shuts out hysteria. He, by all signs known to the diagnosticians of the soul, had outlived love. "Shang" was a tough nut, a hard ticket. ("And there was no harm in that," says "Shove" Walsh, with the bulbous nose, "for the world has to have all kinds of us.")

F. A. Bailey—that's "Shang"—would not tell of his early life. He would go behind it a little to speak of his mother. And he spoke well of her. All hard tickets do that. ("That's a part of being a good sport," says "Shove" Walsh.) "Shang" described her as being a simple woman, not at all cultivated—though he used a

## Bailey

different term for it—who was always busy doing something for the neighbors. Somehow he conveyed the idea of a woman in a mother-hubbard making crab-apple jelly for somebody with the measles, and singing in the kitchen, unconscious that her boy Fred would keep a saloon in Philadelphia and beat his native land out of many dollars, and bet now and then on a sure thing, such as a crooked gambling device, and otherwise forget laws and break the rules of the road in mentionable and unmentionable ways of infinite variety. "Shang" admits that she was not a religious woman; he says that his "bringing up" supplied him with no particular faith in anything except his own shrewdness and his giant body.

### The Experiences that Formed "Shang" Bailey

HE WENT off into the world without his Conscience, or, if at the beginning it followed him unseen, it was soon far from his heels. Into the fo'castle of a ship went "Shang," learning the sting of salt in cracked fingers, the caress of West Indian sunlight, new pains, new songs, new scenes, new oaths. ("But," says "Shove" Walsh, "who minds a few good full-mouthed oaths? 'Tis them that keeps blood off many a pair of hands!")

Of his experience as a sailor, and on and on through a maze of narrative with yards of reminiscences drawn down from the shelf of memory, "Shang" will patch his story. He will walk with you through the dank and deserted roadhouse that he calls his home, telling his tale a little wearily and with a pathetic insistence upon accuracy. He will stop to show you his bedroom, which was once the bar. No rough laughter, no passionate railings sound there now. And "Shang" raises his head for a moment, sniffing the air like a dog that has lost its way. The good old bad old days are gone—the bottles and the rustle of silk petticoats. The odor of a graveyard vault suggests the biding and the going of the procession; drums of the past are faintly sounding over the threshold and out on to the open road once more. Frightened, perfumed faces, lingering, peer out of corners; the ghost of a piano plays wild and merry music for the unreal feet that dance. The fists of drunken spectres pound noiselessly upon the tables. "It was then the war came on," "Shang" says with startling clearness.

"The war?"

"The Rebellion, sure." He ducks under the door-frame. What a skeleton moves within him! "Don't you know," he says, straightening to his full height. "I belong to the Grand Army!"

Now he stands within his kitchen upon the bare floor. There's a stove, a rocking-chair in the window, a red tablecloth spread somewhere, a faint whiff of ginger-bread—or is it pies? Kerosene lamps of all shapes and sizes perch like transparent birds upon each shelf and window-sill; they used to light the merry-maker to his pillow. A clock ticks its rat-tat-tat of time. Upon the walls hang color prints and calendars. ("But you didn't see no sporty pictures! The place has gone to the bad," says "Shove" Walsh.)

"I was in both the army and the navy," "Shang" goes on, with a note of hesitation. "Yes, toward the end of the war I was running on a supply ship that was follerin' the Gulf Coast blockade. I stole then. Yes, I was at the second battle of Bull Run, too. I drew a pension for a wound I got in that battle." Then he will look up as if a little frightened: "But I never got that wound. No. It was just a sore on my leg. It left a scar—see?"

"I won't talk any more about myself. Why, do you care? Well, I was sailorin' after the war ended.—Let me sit down. Let's see— Yes, we put in at Bridgeport. In them days P. T. Barnum had winter quarters there. It was sign on before spring or get left. No man like him since. How it rained! So I went into the show business. On the canvas. They'll always take a sailor—a feller that can walk right up after a blow where the wind has chewed holes in the tent, and there's plenty of cursin'! Hard life—on the red wagon! Yes, a sailor can take an order to put a patch in. I had a lot of ambition in them days. I thought some day I'd get where I could open a saloon!"

"I was big enough then. I guess I'm the tallest man in New England to-day. Everybody knows 'Shang' Bailey. That's where I got my name. There's no time



when you're on the road with a big show to learn names. A man most forgets his own.

"It's like this—you see a feller with one eye. You don't call him Bob Jones. No. In the show business he's 'Light Out.' And in them days a big Irishman was going around as 'Shang,' the Chinese Giant. So when they seen me they says: 'That's Shang.' I've had the name ever since. It's been hundreds of dollars in my pocket. So was my height—nearer seven foot than six. All the sports used to know 'Shang' Bailey. Yes, I think a man who had a son and called him Misery, or something like that, for a given name would do the right thing by him.

"They say I was Barnum's Chinese giant Shang, but it ain't so! I never was. I was just boss canvasman in them days." He will look dreamily out across the room. The moving-picture machine of his memory runs before his eyes. One will be certain that again he sees the field where squats the circus, its gray tents rising with the pink of dawn. Again he feels the ooze of rain-soaked, trampled earth. To his ears once more comes the sound of creaking wheels, the call of thick-voiced men, who move like shadows among the hungry, neighing horses. The smell of sawdust! The gift! The pageant! Music!

He grips the arms of his old chair. He cries out again: "The Red Wagon! The Red Wagon!"

"The Red Wagon—that's what we call circus life," he will say. "A man has to go back to it. It's hard, it's tough, but it's the Red Wagon!"

"Yes, I broke away from it. I went to the Centennial Exposition. I was one of the giant guards. But I had to get back to the Red Wagon! I went with O'Brien and his show, called 'Barnum's World's Fair on Wheels.' He paid Barnum a big lump sum and half the profits for the use of his name. I exhibited as the Belgian Giant then—not the Chinese Giant. But I didn't forget the liquor business."

Suddenly it will become noticeable that "Shang" does not swear, and one misses the curses in this kind of story. He will go on to tell of his progress to the goal of his ambition, of prosperity, of his saloons in Philadelphia, of the hold that liquor business has on politics, of days of driving fine horses and buying diamonds for his personal adornment, of his coming to Rhode Island, of the purchase of this roadhouse where he now sits, of how this very place still reeks with the ghosts of years of vulgar Bacchanalia, with the old laughter and tears, dragging of feet, wild joy and coughs of despair. He points with his long and whitened forefinger out the window to the old stable. "There was horses and vehicles a-plenty out yonder a while ago."

"All gone—all gone!" One would think he was speaking of so many devils incarnate. "That was before the Change. It costs me just \$300 a year to live now."

So he speaks of it—"the Change." For after all the years, "Shang" Bailey's Conscience, which had wandered about the world looking for "Shang," walked in one evening when the dry snow was whisking across the meadows in the caw of the wind, and, reaching across the bar, took "Shang" Bailey by his wrist!

The roadhouse-keeper at that moment had just finished counting his cash. His great body was bent over the day-book, his hand was raised above it, about to make the entry. And yet that entry was never made!

#### Conscience Closes "Shang's" Roadhouse

"SO 'SHANG' will say, so say those who saw, so is the fact. An impartial mind, reviewing the man's history, will not find in it anything to prepare him for a sudden religious fervor. Better by far to explain the matter by recalling the little flicker of the bar lamps. Was this not 'Shang' Bailey's Conscience that, unseen, stirred the reek? Was it not the long lost Conscience that caught him in its bronze grasp? 'I can not say,' repeats 'Shang' Bailey. 'Everything was going well with me at the time. Vice paid! I can not say.'

Some one asked him that night in a strident voice if he was not going to figure up the receipts. For a moment the roadhouse was very still. The wind outside complained of its homelessness. "No," said "Shang" slowly, "I'm never going to sell another drop of liquor so long as I live!"

They thought it was a joke, but he has kept his word. What training had he for keeping it, what reason for so doing? With what personality did he bargain with the remnants of his honor? ("His friend his Conscience," answers "Shove" Walsh, with a wicked wink.)

Good or bad as a friend, his Conscience has been loyal. It has never left his side since the memorable 27th of February. The day after it came it caused the roadhouse-keeper to have inserted in all the Providence papers this simple card: "Shang Bailey's is Closed."

Who shall say what cost his pride paid for this notice? After all, is there not real and tender sentiment for the good old bad old days? There are those who used to hear at least the name of friend; with them, no matter how evil they might be, we saw the color of the dawn, and heard the songs of birds and the rush of trains, a little differently. God bless them! Bad as they were, they were men and women, and we lived with them. Their very weakness made them the more lovable. It cost "Shang" Bailey something to tell them his place was closed; it cost his pride something to draw out of a life where fame was made and insurance had been taken against the risk of obscurity. Many pathetic things have been said about leaving the old homestead. Is there not some pathos about closing up the old roadhouse? ("You bet!" says "Shove" Walsh.)

"Shang" found out what it meant to stop selling liquor. The news that he had ceased to open his doors to the drunken money, that always must spend itself,

traveled like wireless through the "world." Day came and day went. No one stopped at the old resort. At the window "Shang" saw an automobile streak by without a diminution of its lithe speed. One of the old guard, who sat in the back seat, waved his hand and bellowed his derisive laughter into the chill air of early spring. He had seen Bailey, but not that other—the Conscience.

#### "I Could not Drink—nor Smoke," "Shang" Explains

"SHANG" in these days of loneliness would have liked to take a sip or two himself. It had been his habit to drink much, often, long, vigorously. He had been all the way from the Arkansas Hot Springs to the "Cure" in a New England town, and the "Treatment" in that other place, and the "Institute" in Wherenot, then back again; he had indulged in all the luxuries of a battle with his yearning, but only now, when his Conscience, with all the obliging solicitude of a friendly prig, knocked the glasses out of his hand, did he forego, for appreciable period, the triumphs and defeats of the cup. With liquor he had wrestled; now suddenly withdrawing from the contest with a victory, he takes no credit to himself. "I could not drink," he will say.

Day came and day went. The old roadhouse, like a human character, sat in gloomy silence nursing the injuries its master was doing it. "Shang" himself was arguing with himself in that plausible, strangely talented way with which we all have so much success in a debate with our ethics. He had smoked until his pipe had almost become a part of his body, until its stem had worn a comfortable place in his front teeth, until his nose was wrinkled from dodging the flare of matches. But now finally, when he had exhausted all arguments which supported his indulgence, he threw his pipe away, never to smoke again. "Many good men smoke," he will say, "but I could not." ("He's crazy!" avers "Shove" Walsh, feeling around his rotund waistcoat for his cigar pocket—"and so he has the advantage of me.") "Shang," deprived of his pipe by the unseen hand, stalked about the empty rooms restlessly.

Now he was sitting, now standing, now pacing up and down, like a dog trying to sleep in summer sunshine in spite of the sting of countless flies. He stopped before the framed licenses which hung above the bar. They had cost him four hundred dollars. Now he reached up, tore them down impatiently and sent them flying to destruction.

Day came and day went. There was a stock of liquor on hand. It was necessary to be rid of it; necessary to sell it. He negotiated. The trade was almost completed. "Excuse me," interrupted his Conscience. "But I think you said you would never sell a drop of liquor so long as you lived."

"That's right," said "Shang" Bailey, "I did." And he took his liquor out on to the road and poured it upon the ground, bottle after bottle. "You are crazy," said the passing neighbor. "I can see no signs of it," said "Shang" Bailey, "and what is more—" He was about to utter one of the good old full-mouthed oaths, but his lips closed into a smile. "I tried hard to keep one bottle of something very choice," he will say. "But it would not do. Later in the day I went and got that too." It gurgled out into the ruts with the rest. In a few days he tore the bar down. The nails shrieked and complained as the boards came loose. With the bar went the gambling devices.

He felt better now. Yet the place seemed sad and strange, like Béranger's garret. It was lonely—haunted only by the echoes of footsteps and the memories of ancient revels. "Shang" Bailey's was Closed! No longer did the hired piano-player and the salaried singer of coon songs come to waltz the air with their pounding melodies. He thought of selling the house and its lands. For the road business it was worth much, for a farm very little. Well, it was not his business how the buyer used it. His income had ceased, his chosen profession—or shall we call it art?—attained after years of ambition, had been renounced. He must provide for himself. But when the place was finally sold

away, Bailey had put restrictions against its use for his old business. His Conscience had drawn up the deed.

With the approach of spring, there came to him, who had been sailor, soldier, boss canvasman, stage hand, giant, and saloon-keeper, the same far-away feelings with which spring affects all of us. He wandered restlessly out under the sunshine and over the unflickering carpet of moonlight. He watched the electric car pass with its drone of hill-climbing; he saw the red-faced conductor wave a hand at him in derision. Like all who feel touches of loneliness, he sought cheer in the memory of some past achievement. The man who is about to swing on a gibbet finds gladness in the fact that he has never complained to his family about his headaches. "And I has said to myself all along," says "Shang" Bailey, "I don't owe a cent."

But he did.

First, there was the pension. He had drawn that for a wound in the second Bull Run, which he now says he never received. That was nearly two thousand dollars. "Then there was a box of silk handkerchiefs," he says, "that I stole from Government supplies in New Orleans. They were sailors' kerchiefs and worth a dollar apiece. I only got ten dollars for 'em from a second-hand dealer in the city. That had to be paid back—one hundred dollars!" ("It's a luxury to be a thief at that rate," says "Shove" Walsh.)

"Shang" was doubtful as to how he could proceed to pay this money back. He wrenched his pride enough to procure the assistance of his fellow veteran and captain in the Grand Army. To-day the money is entered in Washington under the Conscience Fund. Then there was a stacked-cards affair. He sent the sum involved back to its owner in Philadelphia. Often a pocketful of bills had been drawn out by the hand of a befuddled and abusive roisterer who had sought "Shang's" resort. To charge up against this display more tallies than the drinks served was merely an almost universal custom of the business. ("A benefit to both parties," explains "Shove" Walsh, plucking at his cuff-links. "Fer it prevents the house from getting too little, sure! And the customer too much.") "Shang" set to work, however, to trace the whereabouts of these victims of custom, and to such as he found made restoration. ("Which they blew in," says Walsh.)

#### May not a Man Let in Conscience?

AND now to-day "Shang" is not only without an occupation, but he and his Conscience have dissipated together a great share of the money saved up against old age.

Was it a "conversion"? No preaching or exhortation or emotional frenzy or religious foretraining can proclaim itself as a cause. Was it insanity? Exactly as insane as any turning over a new leaf. Had "Shang" Bailey been sick, sore, lame, and disabled, as the lawyers say, or had he been reduced to poverty and brooded over the memories of his past, a failure and a beaten man, no one would say he was insane because he renounced his weakness. Many a man finds his conscience. Does it argue more for insanity that a conscience found his man? ("No," said "Shove" Walsh, "you're right. It was just his Conscience come back to him. Did yer notice how it had changed his face? The fool! But he looks happy, don't he? That gets me. That's what we're all after—to be happy. You'd not think he'd be happy, bein' so lonely—and after his experiences!") The toughened critic grinned sheepishly. Then suddenly he grasped the listener by the shoulders, his fat fingers, with their diamond ring, clawing at the coat-sleeve. "See here!" he cried, "why don't I have one—why don't I have a conscience?"

He looked upward toward the trolley-car wires that were singing in the wind. His face was wrinkled, pouched, and square-jawed like that of an old actor. Then suddenly he drew out a fresh cigar, bit it eagerly and held it out before him.

"Now who do you suppose rolled that cigar?" he said. "It weren't 'Shang' Bailey. Do you suppose it was a man or a girl? Some old sinner anyway—God bless 'em!"



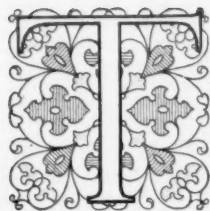
"Shang" Bailey's old roadhouse—where Conscience triumphed



# Home to the Red Cent

The "Connecticut's" Brief Visit to San Diego

By FREDERICK PALMER



**T**HIS was home. By home I do not mean the town or street in which you live. I mean the whole United States. In a humble way I am trying to express the feelings of some officers and a correspondent who had the good luck to drop in on the national family unawares. For once the flagship entered a harbor without attracting a regatta by water and a crowd by land. Strictly, in her private capacity, she brought Rear-Admiral Evans to San Diego, which is in the very southwestern corner of the family domain, on his way to the cure at Paso Robles.

On that voyage of two days our sixteen thousand tons of battleship seemed to be unprotected. The eye could not accustom itself to the absence of the other fifteen bullies. It was a lonely run, with the delicious recompense of ten hours ashore, before the *Connecticut* returned to the fold at Magdalena Bay.

That pile of wood and stained shingles—a winter resort hotel facing the advertised ocean breezes—was so like nothing we had seen since our departure as another American hotel we had left behind at Hampton Roads. Tourists by transcontinental trains with nothing else to do—and chained to finite provincial customs—may see differences. After four months of sea-riding—between ports where foreign tongues make foreign manners the stranger—these become petty details, whose sum would not carry over to the next column.

"But they don't have palms up in the pie belt, or geraniums growing out-of-doors in April," says a skeptic. The palms belong to us as much as the oak and the birch. In Rio or Lima they seemed exotic, and here they don't. The people, the talk, the scenes, are the same as at a summer hotel on the Maine coast.

Well-to-do elderly people in easy chairs on broad verandas; newly wedded on the walks; automobiles waiting at the entrance; breakfast bills of fare as long as the fleet reception program; bowling balls thundering on the alleys; "Bell will ring five minutes before the trolley starts"; excursions to Sunny Glen and Top-of-Rocks; hops, Wednesday and Saturday evenings; special room for the bridge fiends; little children, with their shovels and hero tin pails, playing on the beach—and such a lot of well-dressed, alert-looking women! You did not know that there were so many in the world. The younger ones are off to the tennis courts and the golf links. Thinking of foreign rouge-pots, one wants to remind them that they are getting tanned—and getting tanned is another custom that makes us one.

Opposite the hotel desk—the first hotel desk of that kind—for four months—the bellboys are skylarking on their bench, and No. 6 thinks that Room 568 needs altogether too much attention. Yes, the obliging hotel clerk—you do not have to hunt him up as you have been accustomed to—has plenty of rooms for the present. After the 14th? That is another matter. The fleet arrives then. Had you written or telegraphed?

## Back to Familiar Old Details

**N**EXT the bulletin-board, with its story of a lost ring, was the daily stock report, of course—private branch in the hotel and through wires. The girl at the telegraph key (think of that—a telegraph office in the hotel instead of having to send to the post-office!) wore glasses. She would not have filled in the picture if she had not.

Miraculous!—of the girl at the news-stand you bought a home paper published that very morning. You had been used to getting them weeks and even months late. You feel the electric touch of the great world community once more. You wonder if the doctor in our wardroom mess will break his principles by looking at this piece of heretic up-to-dateness when it is so fresh from the presses. For the doctor files his bundles of dailies away, and has one regularly for the breakfast table. Either he has to read two a day for a while now or be forever behind the times.

The girl at the news-stand said that the N— magazine was just out—the May number in early April—and she held out a three-color process cover to promote trade, which everybody in America seemed to be doing. The man at the cigar-stand said that if you liked that cigar he could let you have it by the box at a reduction. Or did you prefer something stronger? Here was the brand which Mr. G—, the most multi millionaire among the guests, smoked.

Mr. G— was just passing along the hall. He was a humble person beside that autocratic colored man—oh, this was home, indeed—in the barber shop who brazed the skin of your neck and touched the shoulder of your coat with a big whisk-broom, and struck an attitude as if he had given your whole suit a dry-cleaning.

In the trolley car to town you found yourself again in touch with the literature of the epoch. There was signal predominance of soaps, you noted. Except for local variations, the signs might have been in a car in Portland, Maine, but never in Rio or Lima. As for San Diego, I take the real-estate boomer's view. It is a paradise. Property values and population will double in the next ten years. If I had come by a

sleeper from New York instead of by the Straits, then I might have thought it was no better than other progressive American towns of its size.

Though I had never been here before, I felt that I knew San Diego well. It was a type. Familiar objects which were reminders of home kept recurring to the eye. The popcorn wagons, not to mention the hot-tamale wagons—fancy them in Rio!—on the corners; brass-studded bootblack stands; the big plate-glass windows of the banks, with capital and reserves in gilt letters; light buggies and two-seated runabouts on the curb; amazing numbers of firms in the real-estate business; news-stands and stationery stores combined; the sidewalk half as broad as the street; "X—'s Candy Sold Here," which is where the soda-water fountain fizzes and the sirup is stirred up with a long spoon. Latest design of the universal hat, which the whole country wears, in store windows; all vacant walls and the hoarding of vacant lots covered with signs of the famous face on a famous gum, and a "Wild West Show," "The Texas Steer," "A Ragged Hero" (who tells the villain that he is poor, but has a strong pair of fists, according to the lithograph), and "The Funniest Farce on Earth," which is in town the same week as the circus.

## The Refreshing Directness of San Diego



**W**HEN you asked a direction some instinct made you speak English, and you got it instantly without a lifted hat or a court bow. "Two blocks up and middle of the right-hand block first street to the right!" and your informant was gone before you had time to thank him. You saw that it would take a little time to get back into the North American form.

How often in other lands we had asked for certain photographic chemicals in shop after shop! "Have you any of these?" It was a tentative question—due to foreign schooling—that you put to the young woman presiding over a counter opposite the soda fountain. She took the list without any more comment than the soda-fountain boy if you said raspberry sirup. But, yes, she did say "Certainly!" more politely than the soda-fountain boy could have said it from his draw-bridge beside the castellated marble structure with ornaments of silver; and she took all the things on the list down from the shelf and did them in a neat package, and then made out a check for \$9.75 to the cashier, which completed the transaction.

It was the same way in the bank with the tiled floor and the gold letters on the window. You had no sooner finished telling your wants in an elaborate, foreign way than you had your money and you were blocking the road for the man behind you. And the president of the bank? There he sat in his office with the door open where anybody could approach him. Had he no sense of dignity? Why, bank presidents ought to be reached only through several secretaries and clouds of gestures! That is, we had almost begun to think so when San Diego brought us back to our incarnation of American birthright.

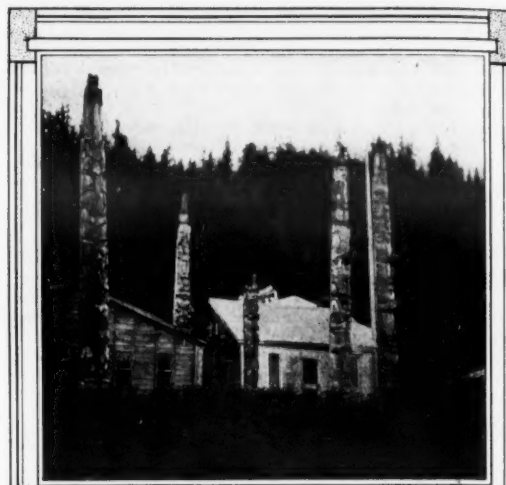
There was a delightful sense of what they called efficiency in this American method. On the target range in desolate Magdalena Bay it was called: Hits Per Gun Per Minute. In San Diego it was business hits per minute—and the firing was so accurate and so fast that my friend and I, who had enough errands to take us ashore twice in some cities that we know, had finished them all inside of an hour. Then we bought carnations grown out-of-doors in April for our button-holes, and we asked for the best restaurant.

It was the newest, of course, and in the new building which had just been completed. When we came to the door we were told that we might walk down one flight or take the elevator. An elevator in an eight-story building in a town of fifty thousand inhabitants—Shades of South American poets!

We ordered that meal deliberately in the youth of April in this "sunny southern exposure" (according to the "rooms-to-let" advertisements) of the United States. It was green and fresh and glorious. We were eating artichokes when a waiter gravely offered me a red cent on a salver. I looked around to find that another member of the wardroom mess of our battleship sixteenth-of-a-fleet world had sent this august talisman of home to our table. Befitting homage was paid at once to the feathered red head on that red cent.

But C— need not take on airs of superiority. I too, had a cent which I had fished out of a collar-box where I had thrown it after we were out of sight of the Virginia Capes. That made two cents—quick Western profits—to send back to him. The waiter, however, made a mistake. He took the two cents to a man who had all the appearance of a bank president, offering them gravely on the salver.

The gentleman looked surprised till he caught C—'s eye and mine. Then he laughed, having grasped the salt sea-traveler's conceit with a Dooley quickness which was another reminder of home. Yes, it is good to be back to the Land of the Red Cent, and to no one is it better than to the officers and crews of sixteen battleships which fly the flag both of the pie belt and the hot-tamale belt. It's the same United States right away down to the Mexican border.



Old Kasaan, the deserted village



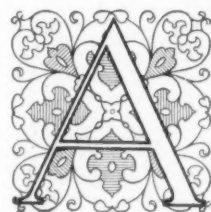
The foot of the Taku Glacier



Indian women of Alaska

## A Deserted Village

By MADELINE PALMER BAKEWELL

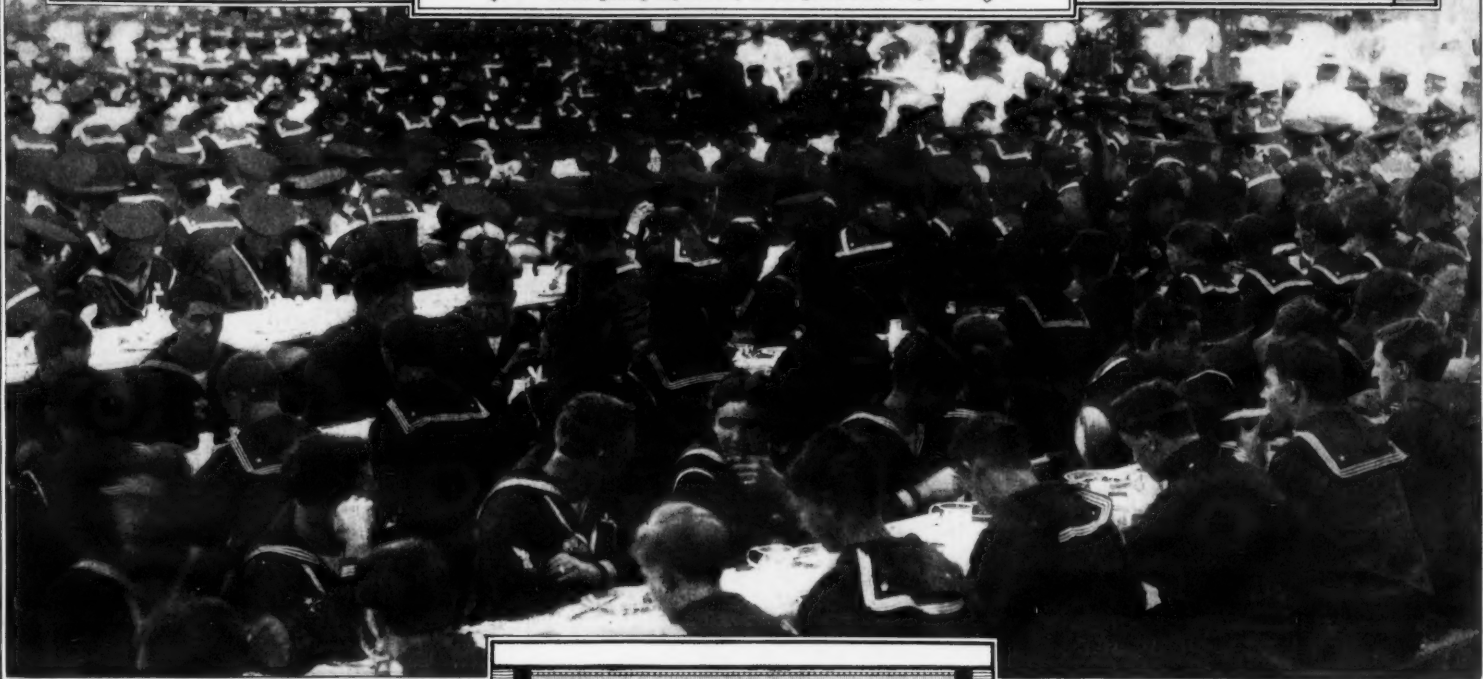


**A**MONG the innumerable small islands that dot the waterway to Alaska is one that harbors on its pebbled beach a weird and silent company. The hands that wrought their strange features are gone; the homes that these grim warders guard are huddled, forsaken and desolate, in tottering decay. Over the rotting doorsteps clammers an impenetrable tangle of vines and nettles, choking the entrance thither, reaching up to and over the blank windows, as though to exclude the light that would too cruelly reveal the abandoned hearthstone. Lured away by distant fisheries and canneries, the inhabitants of this ancient Indian village, Old Kasaan, long ago deserted their island home, leaving its painted and carved chronicle of a half-mythical past to the whimsical care of nature, who has softened the harsh contours of beast and bird and fish, and reduced their gay colors with wind and weather, redecorating in her own fashion these mutilated relics of what once were her mightiest forest children. She has rained out and sunned out the hard reds and blues, and mellowed them with a soft overtone of dull green moss. When the hand of man seemed too severe in its interpretation she has added a sly touch of ridicule, scattering an impertinent line of grass-blades down the back of a ferocious bear, and planting a gay little bush on a solemn eagle's tail to wag in every breeze. And in and out, floating from pole to pole, linking doorstep to doorstep, she wreathes a delicate lavender veil of fire-weed, gathering all it surrounds into a mystic, charmed circle. All but one melancholy monarch, who, sitting alone under a protecting roof, safe from her mocking solicitude, retains a wonderful pinkness of body, relieved by bright blue nose and paws and glorious green eyes.





The fleet-mad Californians sat all day on the beach gazing rapturously at the great white ships



Four hundred of California's prettiest girls waited

### The Fleet at San Pedro

on Jack Tar at the great barbecue of April 20

Once a year the waves dance to the rhythm of a hundred paddles. Canoes appear laden with feasters and the feast, and for one delirious week the ancient village lives again in the merry-making of its children's children. Doors are flung free, and dance masks and symbols are dragged out from their long hiding-place. Fires crackle on the beach, and strange raucous chants rise on the night air from husky, unmusical throats. Seven wonderful days—then the canoes depart as swiftly as they came, and once again the island is wrapped in silence, save for the hoarse croak of a raven or the splash of a leaping fish at sunset.

It has been rumored that the totems of Old Kasaan are to be removed bodily to another village. Perhaps they have already gone, and in a new gorgeousness stand, hideous and unrecognizable in glaring new paint, before the hopelessly new houses, pitiful aliens in a frontier civilization of shoes and hats and electric lights and whisky. But over the old island must still float the mysterious hazy veil of fire-weed, still must the gentle lapping of the waves greet the evening breeze, and the ghostly outline of that weird assembly remain silent and inscrutable, against the shadowy gloom of the dark hill behind—a phantom symbolism of a vanished people.

## The Roosevelt Boosters

### Cheer-up Messages to the President

AT THE time of the slump in the stock market in March, 1907, some interesting telegrams were received at the White House. They came from a class of New Yorkers who had known President Roosevelt or who had been acquainted with his father.

"The ghost of American prosperity will meet you at Philippi," read one of these telegrams. Another was in this vein:

"Our best families are being impoverished."

It may be that the reactionaries have given up hope ever of influencing the President. At any rate, although report in Washington has it that Wall Street is standing on its gilded head as a result of the President's messages to Congress, up to this time not a single complaint has been received at the White House in regard to the President's extremely forceful language. Instead, letters and telegrams have poured in commending him for his fearless utterances. Three of the telegrams will give an idea of the sentiment expressed. Here is one:

"Glory be to God."



Jim Jeffries, referee—the sailorman's idol



Sightseers swarming over a defenseless battleship

Here is another, which is more of a contribution to the profane literature of the day:

"Bully for you. Give 'em hell."

And an ardent admirer telegraphed as follows:

"A stunning message. Your legion of friends think that you used a meat-ax instead of the big stick."

Of the achievements of Roosevelt, the one most generally accepted, perhaps, is that to-day the party collar sits much more lightly on the average voter than it did when he assumed the Presidency. Indicative of this

freedom of political thought is a letter written to a member of the Kansas delegation by a citizen of Arkansas City. In part it reads:

"I get so tired of this silly twaddle about Roosevelt being a menace to business that I am sorry that there is not an open season for fools. If there were, I could enjoy a month's hunt."

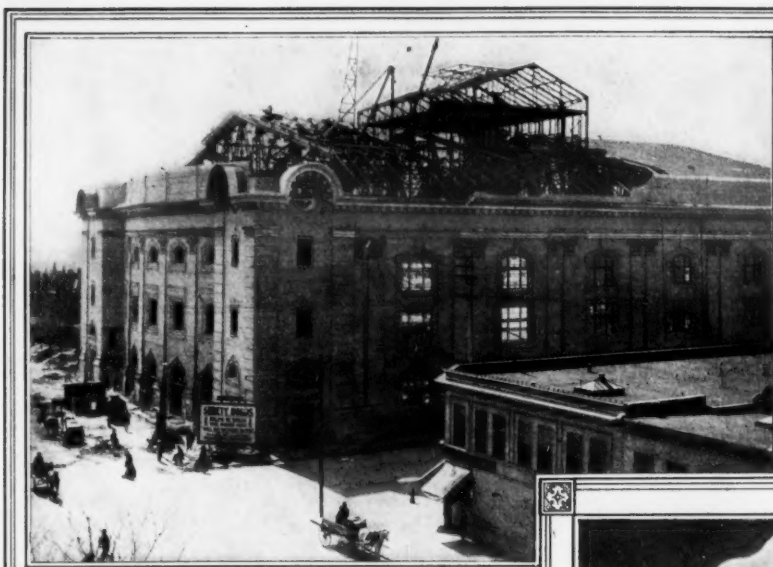
"You know I am a Democrat, one of the dyed-in-the-wool, can't-wash-it-out sort. I shall ever be. I can't help it and I don't want to—I'm built that way. My mentality takes to Democracy like a fish to water, a bird to the air, or a Kansas Republican to the bandwagon; but our President—my President, if you please—suits me. He is a good enough Democrat for me, in that he is an American of the old school, fearless and unafraid. I can overlook all his vagaries of party when I see the unmistakable evidence of the fact that he has red corpuscles in his blood."

"You will, at least, give me credit for being sincere in this, since I have nothing to gain and everything to lose by harboring and expressing such sentiments. I can't help it. I like the man. He is one of my tribe—the tribe of the West, the open air, and God's own wilderness. He ought to have been of Celtic blood. God knows he has the spirit of the men who have builded empires with no kingdom of their own and who still guard the world—as policemen when they can't do it as soldiers."

"And so I get tired of this silly, senseless twaddle about Roosevelt being a menace to business. Why, fifty years hence the people will look back to him as having been the pivot upon which swung a new era, wherein manhood ranked higher than the dollar, and his detractors will then be looked upon much as Captain Kidd and Morgan are now. I wish I knew the man."

Commenting on the protest of this indignant Kansan, his Congressman said: "The important thing to remember about it is that he represents the sentiment of fully ninety per cent of the people of my section of the country."

After coming to Washington, Senator Jonathan Bourne of Oregon spent many months fostering a remarkably effective propaganda for the crystallization of public sentiment in favor of four more years of Roosevelt, or, in the Bourne phrase, the "second elective term." And they do say that the Senator is not yet utterly discouraged. For months he ostentatiously carried on a voluminous correspondence with persons prominent, promising, and promiscuous in all parts of the country. These letters, it was figured out some time ago, if attached sheet to sheet, would reach from Portland, Oregon, to Washington District of Columbia, and back to the city where the Republican National Convention is to be held. It is a row of words that the Senator points to with pride.



The new Auditorium at Denver, Colorado, which is being built for the Democratic National Convention to be held July 7



A view of the new Federal Building at Cleveland, Ohio. The two statuary groups are the work of Daniel Chester French

### A Last Appeal

**A**S CONGRESS approached its closing days with little indication of an intention to pay heed to the recommendations in his hot message of January 31 or his cool one of March 25 President Roosevelt became impatient. On April 27 he made a third attempt to spur the reluctant legislators to action on his policies. The message, which the Senate treated with the unusual disrespect of interrupting its reading for an adjournment, expressed gratification over the passage of the amended Employers' Liability law and confidence that Congress would enact further legislation providing for recompensing employees injured in the public service, preventing child labor in the District of Columbia, continuing the Waterways Commission with proper financial support, investigating tariff conditions in preparation for a revision of the tariff by the Congress elected next fall, providing temporary financial measures to meet any trouble that might arise within the next year or two, and creating a commission of experts to make a thorough investigation and devise a permanent system.

The President urged the passage at this session of a law establishing postal savings banks, an ample appropriation to enable the Interstate Commerce Commission to carry out the provision of the Hepburn law, which gives it supervision and control over the accounting systems of railways, and an act authorizing the establishment of forest reserves throughout the Appalachian region whenever they can be shown to have "a direct and real connection with the conservation and improvement of navigable rivers." The last qualification is a concession to the scruples of the House Judiciary Committee.

The bulk of the message was devoted to an argument in favor of two measures which Congress had seemed reluctant to pass. One was that checking the abuse of the power of injunction, and the other was "the measure or group of measures to strengthen and render both more efficient and more wise the control by the national Government over the great corporations doing an interstate business."

As to the first point, the President thinks that in contempt cases the trial should be before another judge, except where immediate action is imperative, and that "they are blind who fail to realize the extreme bitterness caused among large bodies of worthy citizens by the use that has been repeatedly made of the power of injunction in labor disputes." He holds that while much of the complaint against this power has been unwarranted, it is unquestionably true that in a number of cases it has been used to the grave injury of the rights of laboring men.

The President insists that the strengthening of the Anti-trust Law is demanded upon both moral and economic grounds. The astounding revolution brought about in business conditions by steam and electricity has called for new governmental activities. Attempts were made about twenty years ago to control combinations by regulating them through the Interstate Commerce Commission and to abolish them by means of the Anti-trust Act, "the two remedies therefore being in parts mutually incompatible." The former treatment has produced admirable results; the latter, "though it worked some good, because anything is better than anarchy and complete absence of regulation, nevertheless has proved in many respects not merely inadequate but mischievous."

The question whether labor unions should be exempted from the Anti-trust Law is dealt with rather adroitly. The President suggests that their complete exemption would probably render the law unconstitutional, and would leave the unions exposed to the very action they now dread. But an organization not formed for profit should not be required to furnish statistics as complete as those furnished by profit-seeking organizations, and "so far as labor is engaged in production only its claims to be exempted from the anti-trust law are sound. This would substantially cover the right of



A Kaiser of the future—Little Prince Wilhelm, eldest son of the Crown Prince of Germany and grandson of Emperor William

## What the World is Doing

A Record of Current Events

Edited by

SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

laborers to combine, to strike peaceably, and to enter into trade agreements with the employers." But it would not cover either a boycott or a blacklist, illegal at common law.

The message concludes with an exhortation to participate in "a great and stern moral movement to bring our ideals and our conduct into measurable accord."

### The Growing Navy

**T**HE President has won a signal victory for his naval policy in the face of apparent defeat. It is true that the Senate followed the House in rejecting his recommendation for four battleships, and did so by an equally decisive vote. Only twenty-three Senators voted for the larger program and fifty voted against it. The warlike arguments of the President's were scouted.

Nevertheless the real, substantial honors of the fight were all with the Administration. Merely to secure two battleships from both Houses was a victory in itself. For years the sentiment against a great naval increase has been growing, and at the beginning of the session it seemed very doubtful whether Congress would authorize any new battleships at all this year. It seemed still more doubtful whether it could be induced to authorize more than one. To win two was a great triumph.

But that was only the beginning. It has been the

usual custom to authorize ships one year and begin making appropriations for them the next, on the assumption that the first year will be spent in getting up plans and advertising for bids. The House followed that plan this time, but the President insisted upon an appropriation for immediate construction, and got seven million dollars from the Senate for that purpose. The bill as it passed the Senate carries the enormous appropriation of \$123,115,650—nearly five-sixths the cost of the British navy, almost twice the cost of any other navy in the world hitherto, and fifty per cent more than any other navy is expected to cost next year.

But even that is not all. Before the vote was taken the Senate leaders practically pledged themselves to a permanent program of two battleships a year. It is the first time that anything like a systematic policy has ever been adopted. If the pledge is carried out it will mean that we shall have forty battleships ready for service by the time the Panama Canal is completed, and that this number will be steadily maintained thereafter. This entire force will be available for service at three weeks' notice in either ocean. It will be a splendid display of national power. As to the expense—it may be just as well to draw a veil over that part of the story.

### Three-Cent Fares for Cleveland

**A**FTER a struggle of seven years, Mayor Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland has brought the first stage of his campaign for three-cent fares to a triumphant end. He has overcome all the legal and financial obstructions piled in his way by the Cleveland Electric Railway Company, and has forced that corporation to lease its lines to his Municipal Traction Company. That puts the latter company in control of the entire traction system of the city. There are to be three-cent fares and universal transfers. Thus, while the plundered people of New York are finding themselves deprived of transfers on their five-cent fares on the ground that the transfer privilege reduces the average cash fare to between three and four cents, the people of Cleveland will be able to ride anywhere for three cents and have their free transfers thrown in.

Mayor Johnson has won a victory, but it is not yet a final one. What he has gained is an opportunity. The Cleveland Electric Company has made an excellent bargain for itself. It has secured a guaranteed rental of six per cent on its stock, which has been selling in the fifties. That is equivalent to over eleven per cent on investments made just before the agreement was concluded. If the Municipal Traction Company fails to pay the rental, the Cleveland Electric is to have a twenty-year blanket franchise covering the whole city, with the privilege of charging five-cent fares or a quarter for six tickets. Everything depends, therefore, upon the ability of the Johnson company to operate its lines efficiently and economically. A failure to do that would mean the loss of everything that has been gained. The Mayor has won his opportunity—he now has the still harder task of "making good."

### The Liberal Disaster

**T**HE reorganization of the Government in England, with its necessity of appealing to the people for the reelection to Parliament of those Ministers who took new offices, brought a serious blow to the Liberal Party, but yet one whose importance may be, and perhaps has been, exaggerated. Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill, the new President of the Board of Trade, was defeated in Northwest Manchester, receiving 4,988 votes to 5,417 for Mr. Joynton-Hicks, Conservative, who gained 1,019 votes over 1906.

Mr. Churchill fully recognized the gravity of the Liberal repulse. He called it a "heavy, bitter, and crushing blow," whose consequences to the party would be "grave and serious." Some of the Liberal papers were equally despondent, the London "Leader" calling the vote



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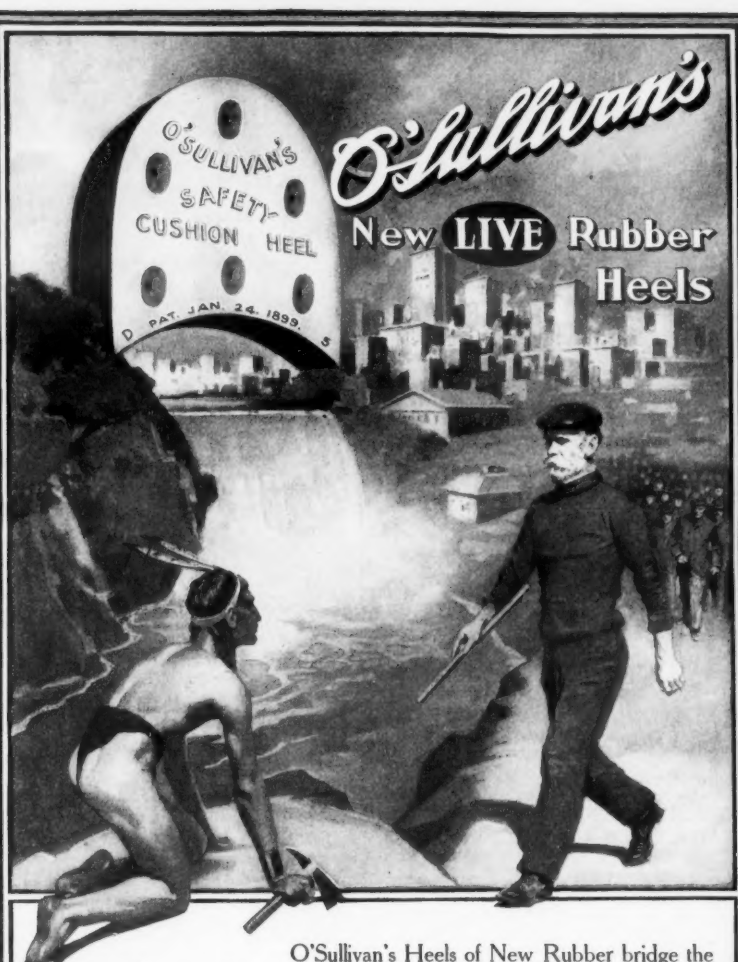
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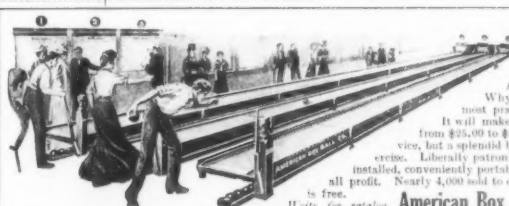
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"an absolutely disastrous blow to free trade," and adding that the great cause with which the name of Manchester used to be associated was "endangered, perhaps lost." There are no bounds, of course, to the exultation of the Conservative press, and to its predictions of victory in the next general election, whenever it comes.

And yet there are some considerations which may give a little encouragement to thoughtful Liberals. In the first place, Northwest Manchester is not a Liberal constituency. On the contrary, it is such a Conservative stronghold that when Mr. Churchill undertook to make a fight for it in 1906 his attempt was regarded as a characteristic piece of audacity, and his victory was one of the most spectacular triumphs of that remarkable year. In the previous campaign the Liberals had not thought it worth while to put up a candidate. They are suffering now in the public mind from the very magnitude of their victory. The returns of the by-elections are compared with those of 1906, and any loss is taken as a national vote of want of confidence, overlooking the fact that the Liberals could lose three-quarters of their unwieldy Parliamentary majority of 1906 and still be solidly entrenched in power. The loss of Peckham was considered a Liberal disaster, but Peckham had been a Conservative citadel before 1906.

Manchester had been traditionally the home of free trade, and Mr. Churchill won his seat there at the general election as the champion of that policy against protection. He tried to make this the paramount issue again, but his opponent refused to fight on that ground, and devoted his attention chiefly to matters like the Education bill, and the so-called Liberal "attacks on property," including the revolutionary scheme of having the people secure full control of the liquor traffic after fourteen years.

In 1906 the Liberals got the votes of all the people the Unionists had offended. Now they are losing the votes of the people they have offended themselves. The Suffragettes have carried on a systematic, relentless, and very effective campaign against them. The liquor men have assailed them with one of the largest campaign funds ever known in England. The Labor men have been indifferent or hostile. Finally the Irish question has again come to the front. The Liberal Party is now once more committed to Home Rule, which it dodged in 1906. At the same time its treatment of that question has not fully satisfied the Irish leaders, and it was only at the last moment that Mr. Redmond advised the Irish electors of Northwest Manchester to vote for Mr. Churchill, after having advised them only a few days before to vote against him. Thus the Liberal candidate had to bear the brunt of all the anti-Irish prejudice without getting the benefit of the full Irish strength. All these things have cost Mr. Churchill 651 votes in Northwest Manchester, and have given his opponent a gain of 1,019. Whether this means that the country as a whole is ready to turn the Liberal Government out of power is not yet so certain as its opponents make out. It will take something more than the recovery by the Conservatives of a few seats which they lost two years ago to settle that point. Even if the day should seem to be lost for the Liberals, perhaps Mr. Asquith could save it by accepting woman suffrage, and so taking one of the fiercest bands of his enemies into camp.

### Improving Credit

#### The Pennsylvania leads in breaking a deadlock

EVER since the panic there has been interfered with the revival of business. The railroads have been unable to raise money on reasonable terms. Without money they have been unable to make improvements and buy equipments. Without their patronage the great manufacturing industries have languished. The sensational success of the Pennsylvania bond issue on April 27 gives hope of breaking that deadlock. The Pennsylvania Railroad advertised forty-year four-per-cent bonds to the amount of \$40,000,000, offering them to the public at 96. They were offered in New York and London, and in each place the subscriptions exceeded the amount to be allotted twenty or twenty-five times over. In New York the subscription opened at ten in the morning and closed one minute later. Of course this was not a perfect test of the marketability of railroad loans in general, for the Pennsylvania bonds were unusually attractive and unusually well secured. Nevertheless, it showed that plenty of capital was available for investments that suited it. In the same week in which the Pennsylvania offering

was announced, ten other important issues, aggregating \$55,000,000, were sold. Including the Pennsylvania issue, securities to the amount of \$95,000,000 were placed within a week, and, of these, \$61,052,000 were in long-term bonds, which was nearly twice as much as the entire amount of such bonds issued in the first three months of the year. Most of the present bond issues are for funding floating debts, but success in such issues will naturally lead to new ones for improvements.

### The All Red Route

#### Canada's Commissioner in London still doing missionary work

NOTWITHSTANDING the rather cool reception given in England to the idea of the "All Red" route around the world the idea is by no means dead. The Royal Colonial Institute in London recently heard Lord Strathcona, the Canadian High Commissioner, read a paper in which he gave no less than twelve reasons for creating such a route. Boiled down, these reasons are that the All Red scheme would improve the communications between the United Kingdom and Canada, cut at least ten days from the time between Great Britain and New Zealand, and two days from that between Great Britain and Australia, furnish auxiliary cruisers on the Atlantic and Pacific, divert some Canadian and American travel from New York, provide an alternative route to the East, enabling troops and supplies to be sent with less danger of interruption than in any other way, help to give Great Britain control of the Pacific trade, assist the consolidation of the Empire, while its cost would be distributed among the different parts; supplement the British Pacific cable and the other steamship routes, assist the commercial expansion of the different parts of the Empire, and lead to extra travel.

English financial opinion is still considering the subject with an open mind, and the London "Statist" thinks that unless the cost immediately exceeds the advantages most people will agree that the enterprise ought to be undertaken. The hospitality of the British mind toward the scheme is notably enhanced by Lord Strathcona's intimation that the chief burden will probably fall on Canada.

### Fifty-eight School Fires

#### The record for the first three months of 1908

THE "Insurance Press" of New York has kept a record of the fires in schools and other educational institutions during the present year. It appears that in the three months from January 1 to April 1 the pupils in fifty-eight such establishments in the United States and Canada were imperiled. In many cases the fires were serious. The frightful disaster at Collinwood headed the list as far as loss of life was concerned, but it was by no means the greatest in destruction of property, and only good fortune prevented even more appalling tragedies in some of the other instances. The money loss at Collinwood was only \$35,000, while \$100,000 went up in the destruction of the wooden buildings of the Betts Academy at Stamford, Connecticut, on January 22; \$150,000 in the fire at Father Baker's Rectory at West Seneca, New York, on January 20; \$60,000 in the burning of the public-school building at Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin, on March 5, and \$110,000 in the public school at Napoleon, Ohio, on March 10. Defective flues, crossed electric wires, ashes from furnaces, exploding boilers, oily rags left by workmen, explosions of gas ranges, falling stovepipes, sparks falling on roofs, overheated steam pipes, and incendiarism were some of the agents of destruction. It is plain that no vigilance can give an absolute assurance that a fire will not start if there is anything to burn. The only safety is in genuine fireproof construction, inside and out.

### The Loss of the "Gladiator"

#### A British cruiser sunk by an American passenger liner

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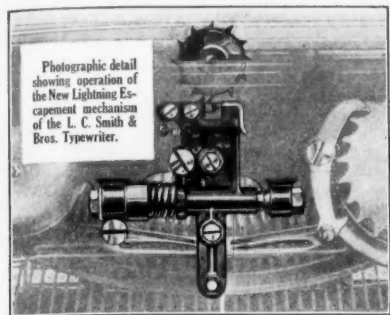
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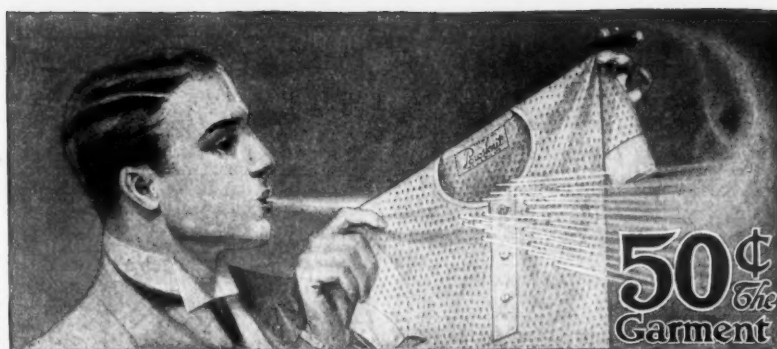


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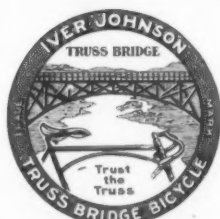


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have come near enough to an enemy either to ram or to be rammed. The battle would have been decided by guns at a range of three or four miles, or by torpedoes at not less than a mile. As it was, the *Gladiator* was struck amidships, and filled so rapidly that only her nearness to shallow water enabled the bulk of her crew to be saved. Over thirty were lost, and several others were injured in the crash. The *St. Paul* was considerably damaged, but was able to put back to Southampton, where she transferred her passengers. Perfect discipline was maintained on both ships. The crew of the *Gladiator* was mustered on deck and stood quietly in ranks while one batch after another was told off to enter the boats of the *St. Paul*. Captain Lumsden was the last to leave the ship. The loss of life was due principally to the fact that the shock of the collision forced the cruiser on her beam ends and threw a number of men into the water. Many were crippled in the collision and unable to swim. At the time of the accident the *St. Paul* was in charge of her Southampton pilot.

### Britain's Late Premier

#### The Liberal Party loses its successful leader

HAD Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman postponed his resignation for three weeks he would have died at the helm of state. As it was, his last breath was

drawn in the official residence of the Prime Minister in Downing Street. He died on April 22, after an illness of five months. He had been in public life for forty years, gradually rising to the top by the elimination of rivals and the lack of personal enemies. Nobody accused him of brilliancy, but he was a leader with whom all could work comfortably and whom all were willing to accept. A succession of accidents gave him his opportunity. In a party that included Sir Charles Dilke, Joseph Chamberlain, the Marquis of Hartington, Lord Rosebery, and Sir William Harcourt, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman stood pretty far down in the line of succession. Few would have picked him as a possible Premier among the crowds that were acclaiming Gladstone's triumph in 1880. But Dilke was swept out of the lists by scandal, Chamberlain and Hartington succeeded when Gladstone became converted to Home Rule, Rosebery fell a victim to the disease of fastidiousness and took to "plowing a lonely furrow," and Harcourt died. Even among the minor leaders who survived it would have been easy to find abler men than Campbell-Bannerman, but there was no other about whom a distracted party could so easily rally. And so he won the reward of his patient loyalty and his unruffled amiability by leading to Westminster the greatest majority that any Prime Minister had ever commanded there, and it was his fortune to die before that majority had been dissipated by the fickleness of popular favor.

### Where the Grass Grows Green

By MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

WHEN me wife is to a paarty and the house is all me own,  
I slip into the kitchen, where I sit and drink alone.  
I forget me billion dollars and the places I have seen  
Since I played a bye in Ireland, where the grass grows green.

SURE, me daughter Kate is stylish as anny gurril in town;  
You should see the jools and bangles on her latest Paris gown;  
But there's days I'd like to watch her, a barefult country queen,  
Tossin' hay on Wexford hillsides, where the grass grows green.

THEY call me "fightin' Terence," sayin' Wall Street knows me grip;  
Be it Boord of Trade or politics, me fingers niver slip.  
Then I mind me oak shillalah, that I swung wid elbows bare,  
Breakin' heads av County Corrk byes at a Wexford cattle fair.

WELL, Broadway is a diffrent place from Ballincarrig Bridge,  
And Murray Hill is diffrent from Enniscorthy Ridge,  
And I wish that I could cut away the years that lies between  
And be a ragged young gossoon where the grass grows green.

### A Nerve Specialist to His Patients

The sixth of a series of brief articles by the former president of the New York Neurological Society. Letters already published have dealt with "Overwork" (Nov. 9, 1907), "Alcohol" (Nov. 30, 1907), "Dancing" (Jan. 11, 1908), "Inebriety" (March 7), and "Diet" (March 14). Others, to be published, will discuss "Nervous Children," "The Egoist," the "Worn-Out Millionaire," and the "Rest and Other Cures"

By FREDERICK PETERSON, M.D.

#### VI—To a Young Woman who is Depressed

FROM the several interviews I have had with you, I gather that you are now thirty-five years of age and single, that you are actually in the best of general physical health, but that you suffer from unaccountable nervous depression, languor, irritability, insomnia, and *tedium vite*. You do not enjoy existence as you once did, and indeed feel that life is scarcely worth living. You had a college education, picked up some phrases in Italian, French, and German, wrote an essay on "Torts" and a critique of the metres employed by the troubadours of Provence, besides acquiring a good knowledge of anthropology and Aztec architecture—nothing of which is now helpful in your every-day life. You have not wished to take up a similar line of work again, either for your own occupation or for the instruction and entertainment of your friends. Besides, most

of your friends are married, and care less for these things than they did. You were interested for a time in the class of Chinamen in the Sunday-school of your church. Later you became a member of the visiting committee of a charity society to an idiot asylum. After that you spent a few months in settlement work, sang to the patients in a hospital occasionally, took courses in law and ethics, and, step by step, entered into and emerged from various organizations, such as the Societies for Cooking for the Poor, for the Improvement of Tramps, and for the Reformation of Criminals, and you have been at one time or another a vegetarian, Socialist, faithurist, and Christian Scientist. But none of these things seemed to create more than a transitory interest. They did not fully satisfy some hidden and obscure need of your mind and heart. You became tired and ailing, for dissatisfaction is sure to react upon the body. You felt ill and sought medical advice. You have asked mine, and I give it to you freely, but with something of the sensation of the skater on thin ice or of





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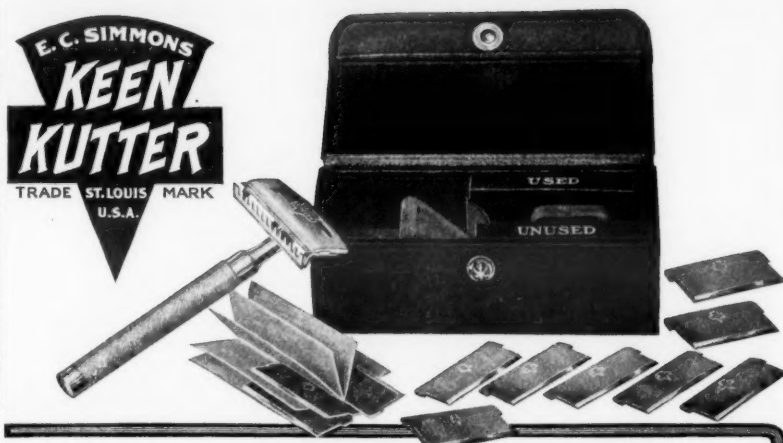
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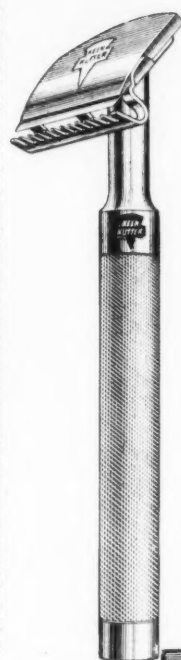


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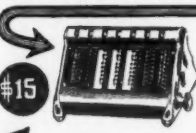
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the man who lives in the observatory on Vesuvius; for I feel convinced that, as an individual, you are in good health in all respects, and that it is only in your relation to the social organism that you are imperfect, unhealthy, abnormal.

While nature is often wasteful and prodigal, I am sure she never meant you to be an old maid. It is human artifice—tradition, custom, education, religion, and law—that has brought you into this danger. You may consciously repudiate my position, but your unconscious self feels dimly that you are but a fraction of an individual in the racial stream. I should like to express myself mathematically. You are one-half of the unity or harmonious whole that makes a home and family—one-half of you is mother, and a half of the remainder grandmother, so that as nearly as I can figure it a confirmed old maid is one-eighth of an individual. Her stock ends with her. She cuts off her corporate immortality. She may be, and generally is, most useful to the generation in which she lives, but she contributes nothing to human progress.

Most of the old maids I know are splendid women; so fine, in fact, that I should not know where to turn were I deputed to select husbands for them. I do not know of men worthy enough. But this is a prejudiced opinion. Despite that, you should marry. This is the cure for your malady. I should like to know why you refused the several offers you have had. I surmise that it is due to two reasons. One that you had an ideal and awaited the advent of the Perfect Man. He is a phantom. He has no bodily existence. It is because he is imperfect, incomplete, that he marries. By adding a bundle of virtues to his own small stock he minimizes his defects.

Another reason why you did not marry

## A Black Drop

(Concluded from page 16)

gation which holds a man to his word to a woman he does not wish to marry; but not even honor can outride the elemental torrent of instinct.

It was a terrible winter for Framely Stone. His careless youth dropped away from him like a garment of beauty and defense. He grew suddenly old; almost in a night the lines came about his lips and on his forehead. . . . At first he took up the struggle with a high heart; he was certain that proof would be found that Lily was white. By and by, as his confidence wavered, he was sure that he would be able to accept uncertainty, for apparently it could never be more than that; if Lily could not be proved white, neither could she be proved black. But it was at this time that a new look came into his face, a look of fear. Would he be able to bear uncertainty? No wonder he looked scared. A man can lose love out of his life or happiness, but what will become of him if he lose self-respect? If he "threw her over"—he put it to himself as brutally as he could—if he played the sneak, and asked to be released from his engagement, would he ever look himself in the face again? No wonder Framely Stone was afraid! All that dark Mercer winter he took every possible step to prove what he wanted to prove, and all the while he reassured himself by insisting that, as Augustus had been a criminal, he was presumably a liar. "In prison for three years, for theft; I wouldn't believe any statement of his under oath—against Mrs. Foster's word; she was truthful, wasn't she, Lily?"

And Lily, remembering the "orphan" sylum, and many other harmless statements, hesitated and said, why, yes; she supposed so, only, except—sometimes. . . . "But," the poor girl would add timidly, "what is the use of proving anything, Framely? What difference does it make? It won't make my skin any whiter, or any darker. Oh, I am just the same girl! And I know I am white. Mammy said so."

And Stone, groaning to himself, would say: "Yes, of course, of course! But I want to show up this scoundrel Augustus. Oh—if Mrs. Foster could only speak! Perhaps she will, soon?"

Instead of speaking, Mammy sank into the eternal silence. She died in April, without a word or look to answer the tragic question. The funeral was in the morning, so of course Miss Wales could not be present, but it was understood that, when the service was over, Framely was to bring poor Lily to her; "she is to stay here, Framely," Miss Wales told him, "until—"

"Yes; until—" Stone said.

long ago is that you have been led by proverb and tradition to believe that marriage is a lottery, a kind of roulette, in which Mr. Blank always wins. That is wrong. Since the time of Adam, most husbands have been good and have been growing better. The truth of this is indicated by the progress of civilization and the general betterment of races. Bad husbands are an infinitesimal percentage of the social organism. The chances are in your favor, yet I could almost go so far as to say that it is better to marry badly than not to marry at all.

In the event of your marrying unhappily, you could, and should, leave your husband. Divorce is less dreaded than it used to be, and in time will be much facilitated. Mrs. Parsons' book on "Indeterminate Sentences" (I think that was the title) is certain to be helpful in bringing about a more reasonable view of the limitations of the marriage tie. I expect to live to see the church become less stringent, less cruel in the imposition of its fetters.

If you still feel, after what I have written, that a single life is preferable because of the uncertainties of the other, I can only add that you must at any rate seek deeper interests than are afforded by the works you have hitherto undertaken. You must compensate the world for the unfulfilled duty to the race, and in that you will discover a sort of remedy for your own instinctive discontent with life.

There are the little children to help—not the ghost children of "They" who whisper in your ears and play before your eyes, but the real little ones who are orphaned, or who are worse off than that, condemned to toil in the factories and in squalid homes. Take one or two home to keep. You may have as many as you like.

He went alone, in all the decorum of a frock coat and silk hat, to the little house on Baker Street. There was a chattering group about the front doorsteps, and the parlor was crowded to suffocation with musky, vociferating grief; some pungent perfumery, mixing with the smell of the cheap crepe, drowned the faint fragrance of Stone's wreath of violets. Augustus, in deep mourning, a grotesquely solemn master of ceremonies, waved him to his seat with a black-gloved hand, and Framely found his way to Lily sitting close beside the big varnished and glittering coffin. As he passed it, the young man gave a shivering look;—and as his eyes rested upon the gray face on the white satin pillow, something seemed to grip his heart in his breast, grip it, and squeeze the blood out of it and let it drop. The sharp refinement of death had chiseled the features into new lines. . . . Framely was dizzy as he sat down by Lily, and his face, in the blackness about them, was as ghastly white as hers. He held himself in rigid control during the service, never raising his eyes from the floor; once the cadenced moaning of the pleased and excited mourners broke into an audible "Oh, Lawd! Amen, dear Jesus! Sweet Jesus!"—and at that elemental outbreak he shivered; but he did not lift his eyes.

It was that night, after the funeral, that his last clutch for honor missed. . . . He had "bucked the universe," poor boy!—and he was in the dust. "I can't," he said to himself. "I can't—I can't." . . .

He looked years older when he went to ask her to release him. If the girl's happiness had been torn from her because of that effort to go against the stream, the man's self-respect had been whirled away, too. "I can't, Lily. You don't loathe me as I loathe myself. But—I can't. I can't face the—the uncertainty, even. I don't ask you to forgive me. I am not worthy of forgiveness. And yet, Lily—Lily, I am helpless!"

"I know I am white," she said pitifully; "but even if I wasn't, I am just the same girl."

"I am not the same man," he said harshly. "That's all there is to it. Lily—I don't understand it; only—it's bigger than I am. I fought it, and it downed me. That's all I can say. It's bigger than I am."

He buried his face in his hands for a minute, and then he looked up. "And I suppose," he said miserably, "that you will never believe that I love you?"

Lily half smiled; then she sighed and shook her head. "No," she said; "of co's, I can never believe that."

### A HOME COMFORT

The merits of Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk (unsweetened) are convenience, economy, purity. Use it in all recipes calling for milk or cream. In this product the natural milk flavor is retained. Suitable for fruits, cereals, tea and coffee. Address Borden's Condensed Milk Co., N. Y., for Recipe Book.—Adv.



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Stews and Hashes are given just that "finishing touch" which makes a dish perfect, by using

## LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It is a superior relish for all kinds of Fish, Meats, Game, Salads, Cheese, and Chafing Dish Cooking. It gives appetizing relish to an otherwise insipid dish.

Beware of Imitations. See that Lea & Perrins Signature is on the Label and Wrapper.

John Duncan's Sons, Agts., N. Y.



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We Make Rubber Tips for Chairs, Crutches, etc.

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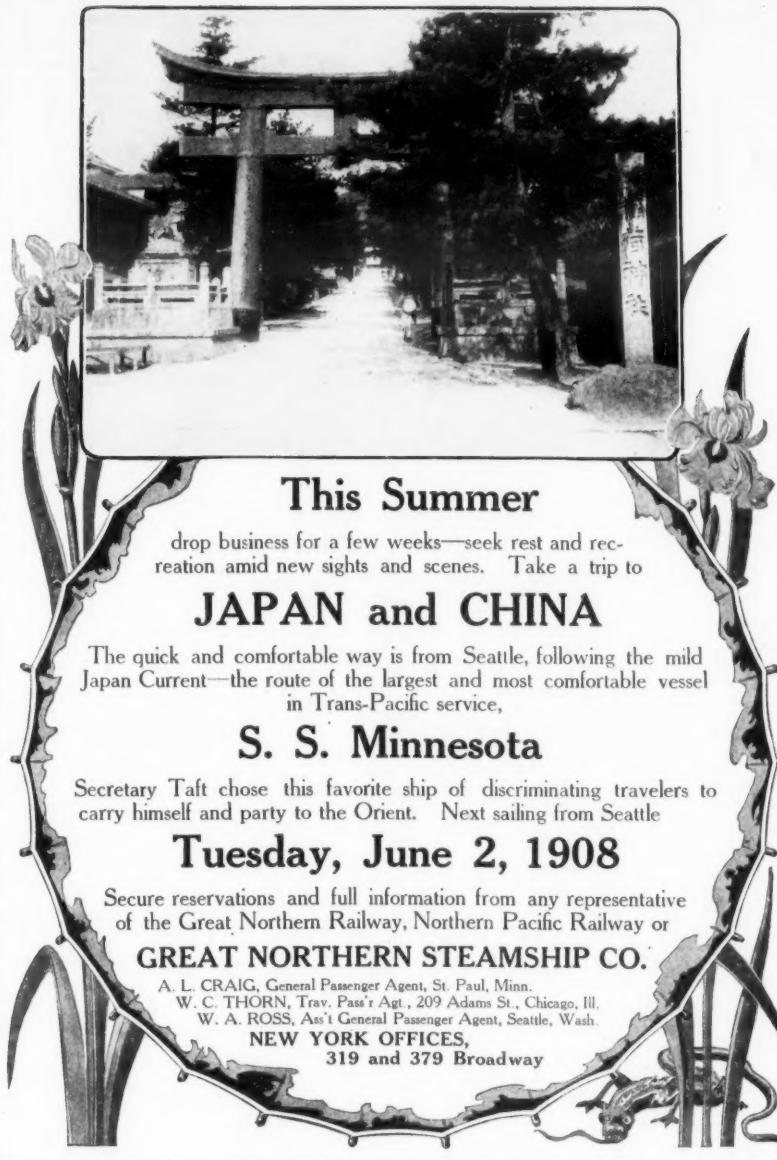
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Secretary Taft chose this favorite ship of discriminating travelers to carry himself and party to the Orient. Next sailing from Seattle

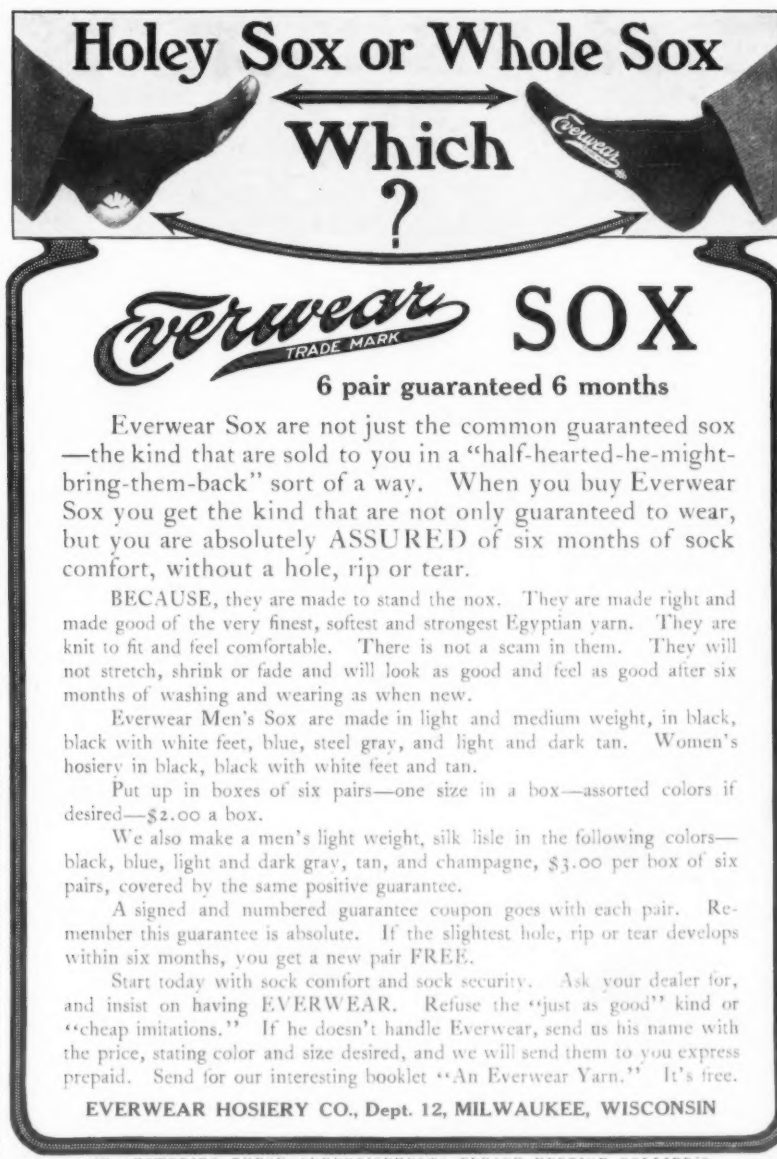
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### Which?

## Everwear SOX

### 6 pair guaranteed 6 months

Everwear Sox are not just the common guaranteed sock—the kind that are sold to you in a "half-hearted-he-might-bring-them-back" sort of a way. When you buy Everwear Sox you get the kind that are not only guaranteed to wear, but you are absolutely ASSURED of six months of sock comfort, without a hole, rip or tear.

BECAUSE, they are made to stand the nox. They are made right and made good of the very finest, softest and strongest Egyptian yarn. They are knit to fit and feel comfortable. There is not a seam in them. They will not stretch, shrink or fade and will look as good and feel as good after six months of washing and wearing as when new.

Everwear Men's Sox are made in light and medium weight, in black, black with white feet, blue, steel gray, and light and dark tan. Women's hosiery in black, black with white feet and tan.

Put up in boxes of six pairs—one size in a box—assorted colors if desired—\$2.00 a box.

We also make a men's light weight, silk lisle in the following colors—black, blue, light and dark gray, tan, and champagne, \$3.00 per box of six pairs, covered by the same positive guarantee.

A signed and numbered guarantee coupon goes with each pair. Remember this guarantee is absolute. If the slightest hole, rip or tear develops within six months, you get a new pair FREE.


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The first Derby made in America was a

C & K

# Hats for Men

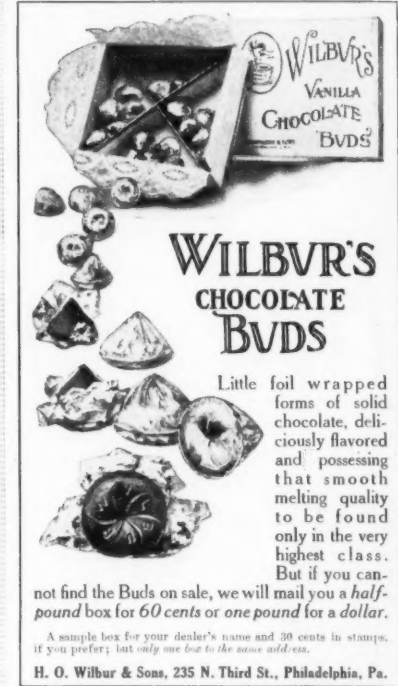


KNAPP-FELT hats are seasonable in style, color and weight. The variety of shapes and shades in soft and stiff Knapp-Felts affords an opportunity for individual selection not found in any other make.

Knapp-Felt DeLuxe hats are Six Dollars, Knapp-Felts are Four Dollars, everywhere.

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Little foil wrapped forms of solid chocolate, deliciously flavored and possessing that smooth melting quality to be found only in the very highest class. But if you cannot find the Buds on sale, we will mail you a half-pound box for 60 cents or one pound for a dollar.

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A safe, simple, convenient and durable strop that sharpens Gillette Safety Razor Blades quickly, and makes them last for years. Will save you inconvenience, annoyance and many dollars. Will keep your blades keen and sharp, and make them shave better than new. The "VIM" is the only practical Strop for Gillette Blades. If your dealer cannot supply you

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and we will send you a "VIM" Strop by mail postpaid, ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL. If not satisfactory, send it back and we will refund your money.

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## The Sanitary Pipe

Best French Brier—Hard Rubber, Removable Stem. The most scientific and healthful pipe ever made. Separate wells for saliva and nicotine, and a bowl device (see cut) which prevents tobacco from settling in bottom of bowl and becoming soaked or clogged. Cannot possibly become tank like ordinary pipes. THE TOBACCO IS ALWAYS DRY, thus insuring a cool, clean, dry smoke. No biting the tongue.

Price \$1.00 postpaid. Your money back if not perfectly satisfactory. Slip a dollar bill into an envelope now.

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# FRANKLIN

## Does it pay to own a heavy automobile?

Figure it out. Get the weights of a dozen of the best-known 5-passenger touring-cars. See them weighed yourself. You will find that the 5-passenger Franklin Type D weighs under 2200 pounds. The other makes weigh, on the average, a third more.

That means they use up a third more horse-power, a third more gasoline, and a third more tires doing the same work as Type D. More gasoline than that, because the air-cooled Franklin engine gets more power out of the same gasoline.

Another thing: There is less strain on Type D—or any Franklin. The Franklin does not jolt and rack itself. It lasts longer. It has 4 full-elliptic springs and a laminated wood frame. Depreciation cost is slight. It has no water-cooling weight and complication. It is easy to ride in; easy to handle; strong and safe. No heavy automobile can keep up with Type D comfortably and safely on American roads. It carries its load farther in a day than any other 5-passenger automobile. It is the only automobile that ever ran from Chicago to New York in less than 40 hours.

The price of Type D is \$2850, yet in six months it costs less than a heavy automobile bought at a considerably lower price.

The Franklin Type G family touring-car weighing 1600 pounds and costing \$1850 has the carrying ability of any other automobile weighing 2000 pounds, beside costing so much less to use. In the recent Long Island economy run Type G carried four people 242 miles on  $9\frac{3}{4}$  gallons of gasoline. Type G is the only small light-weight, high-grade touring-car. For general usefulness there is nothing to compare with it.

Type G made with a single rumble seat at \$1850; the new G brougham at \$2250; and the G Landulet at \$2500 are unmatched for handiness, refinement and operating economy. And the Type

G Runabout at \$1750 out-does and out-lasts anything in its class.

The 6-cylinder 7-passenger Franklin Type H at \$4000 is the highest development of six-cylinder engineering; the most comfortable and strongest and ablest high-power touring-car ever produced. Yet it weighs only 2600 pounds. About 1000 pounds lighter than the average 7-passenger machine whether of four cylinders or six; with all the difference in expense which that 1000 pounds makes.

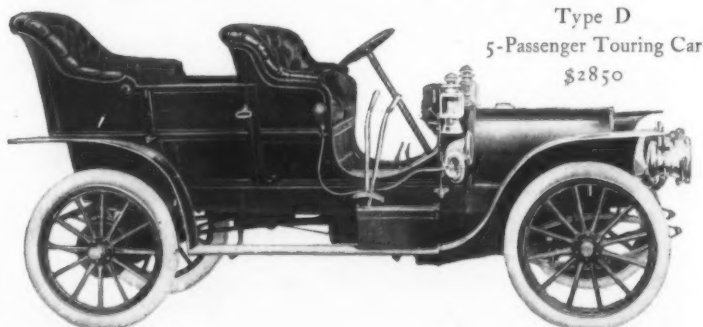
Extra weight handicaps the power of an automobile; makes it harder to ride in and harder to control; not so flexible; not so safe; and unreasonably expensive to own. You cannot get the benefit of the excessive operating-cost.

## Is it good business to pay for useless weight?

Write for the catalogue describing Franklin models.

H H FRANKLIN MFG CO Syracuse N Y

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Type D  
5-Passenger Touring Car  
\$2850